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THE

PAPPENHEIMERS.

VOL. III.

THE PAPPENHEIMERS.

A NOVEL.

EDITED BY

CAPTAIN ASHTON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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PART III.

(CONTINUED.)

THE BATTLE OF LEIPSIC.

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THE PAPPENHEIMERS.

CHAPTER XII.

Late in the evening of the 18th of September, 1631 (old style) a knot of wild-looking warriors were spread about the bridge, over the rushing torrent at the foot of the Greiffenhagen mountain. Well upon a hundred Reiters, harnessed and equipped like the Imperial cuirassiers, with here and there one attired merely in a doublet with a sword, were reposing on a green spot, allowing their horses to graze, and enjoying themselves with a drink of beer, which they drew from casks brought amongst them by some Elbingerode peasants.

At some little distance from this troop, some infantry were lounging about in small clusters; the crackling fires, around which they were sitting blazed brightly up; whilst some of them were busily engaged in bringing down with an axe a bellowing young bullock, and others roasting parts of that which had been already slain on their long spears; they also had no lack of liquor. They presented to the eye a more particoloured appearance than the Reiters—amongst them might be seen old bearded pikemen in full harness, and there again lively musketeers, with turned-up hats, decorated with a cock feather, upon their heads, the heavy musket in their hand, the full cartridge bags hanging down by their sides, and pistols in their girdles, sat upon the felled stump of a tree, looking with greedy eyes at the roasting beef, which two young lads were industriously turning, who, with their spears stuck near them in the earth, had nothing soldierly in their outward appearance, except a short rusty sword, which, from its appearance, might have been taken out of some old city armoury.

At a short distance from these was assembled,

around a blazing fire, a considerable band of about fifty men, who seemed to keep somewhat aloof from the others; these men were all dressed alike, in green doublets, green oak twigs in their hats, trigger locks (glittered on their muskets), which were rare at that period. A man, young in years, but of stern outward bearing, seemed to be their leader; he was leaning against a tree, under which a fluttering colour was stuck in the ground; upon one side of which might be seen, "a wreath of rue," with the motto, "Loyalty before all;" and on the other, "valour leads to success." On account of their green clothing, the other bands called these who thus remained apart, the Holkish Company; though being the most regular and orderly among these wild licentious bands, they did not in the least resemble Holk's regiments.

In the midst of this bustle might be seen, under a lofty spreading oak, a hut, constructed of bows and twigs, before which an old warrior paced up and down, as if on guard—before it a flag was waving in the breeze, on which the imperial eagle was blazoned on one side with a

crown upon its head, and on the other might be seen one without a crown, which, with outstretched wings, was flying towards the sun ; the motto was, "Even uncrowned I attain the highest." This flag probably originated from the brilliant times of Wallenstein, who was often in the habit of giving his newly-raised regiments colours with allegorical devices, and the eagle flying against the sun was his emblem.

The solitary wanderer on the road from Elbingerode to the Castle of Count Stolberg, who, through the silence of the night, had heard neighings of the horses, and the jubilee of these revellers, at a distance, and had seen the blazing fires, about which the armed men were partly lying, partly flitting about, here and there like dusky shadows ; and when he came nearer, had beheld the mettled horses shaking their manes and pawing the earth with their hoofs, would have fancied that the wild huntsman and his band were holding here their midnight revelry.

A man now came out of the hut of middle size, and of wild, and rather mischievous than

of noble aspect, looked around with a contented smile, and seemed to find pleasure in the wild bustle.

"Call the officer of the green band to me," he bade a Reiter, who was standing near the hut; he then turned to the sentinel, who was standing motionless, with his halberd stretched out before him, with the question:

"How long hast thou plied the soldier's trade?"

"Eight years, Major," replied the bearded soldier.

"What countryman?"

"A Paderborner."

"And hast served?"

"First under the Duke of Brunswick, when he took away the holy St. Liberius and the Apostles out of our Cathedral. I, who was then a handy smith's boy, fancied I ought to follow our saints, was taken prisoner in the battle at Höchst, by the Spaniard, and took service with Cordova. I did not feel comfortable here among the Walloons and Spaniards, and *took* my discharge. You understand, Sir?

and enlisted in a cavalry regiment which Pappenheim was recruiting for his expedition to Milan. This was a jolly and cheerful kind of life, but it did not last long; when we returned, and the rebellious peasants were driven with us in couples, I had such a full purse, that it was too heavy for me, and my horse, in the long marches which Pappenheim gave us. So I rode home without bidding adieu to my colours, and played the great lord in my natal town, so that in the space of a year, a little kid might have carried my riches without trouble. I then again left my home on foot and wandered to Wolfenbüttel, where I learned to handle a musket, under your old friend Colonel Geleen; but soon tiring of the walls, I sought to continue my wanderings without a pass, but they of Wolfenbüttel were too fond of me, and detained me, and were about to give me a little quarter there for ever, when it struck the Colonel, I might be a good man for you, and he sent me, with a pass, to Clausthal, where you were recruiting for Pappenheim; on the way I met with a friendly merchant, who willingly gave up his horse and purse to me, and we

parted courteously, he on foot and I on horseback; in Ilsenburg, I found at an armourer's, a complete harness for a Reiter, which he had found somewhere or other, and thus I came to the trysting place, fully equipped as a cuirassier."

"And how do things please thee here?" asked the officer.

"Well; plenty to eat and drink, and to spare; here and there a little booty to be got, and withal no hostile bullets. We live like genuine highwaymen—at the cost of others—and that's jolly."

At this instant, the officer of the green band approached them; the other broke off his discourse with the sentinel abruptly, and asked him to accompany him into the hut.

"I have requested you to come to me," he begun, "to talk over some weighty matters with you; as I guess the armies must now be in presence of each other, indeed, perhaps e'en now the lot has been cast, and destiny has decided between them. Until we know this, we cannot lay by the mask. What do you intend doing in both cases, Hauptmann?"

"What honour dictates," answered the latter, casting an indignant glance at the questioner.

"You resemble, in this also, your brother, Herr Hohendorf," returned La Croix, for he it was who had collected these bands together. "Suppose the Swedes should have been beaten?"

"Then we would endeavour to join ourselves to the beaten army," returned Adolph Hohendorf.

"That we cannot do, except under Imperial colours."

"'Tis all one to me, provided I lead my recruits to Thuringia, to my master."

"And should Tilly be beaten, what then?"

"Then the Lion need no longer hide himself, and may take the place of the Eagle; then we will gather about us the people of the Harz, who are devoted to the Swedes, and begin the war in these woods, until we are strong enough to venture into the open field."

"That sounds reasonable," replied La Croix, "if only all my soldiers thought as you and your Weimar folks; but there are many of them

who have only joined us, because the Imperial Eagle goes before us."

"And many whom this sort of extempore life pleases, who would rather plunder than fight," interrupted Hohendorf.

"I dare to say you are right there," said La Croix.

"And, therefore, Herr La Croix," said Hohendorf, with dignity and seriousness, "I must now beg of you, from henceforward, to carry on our work as soldiers, and not as highway robbers." La Croix would have broken out. "Calm yourself, and reflect, that Duke William did not send me, with my newly-raised company, to you for nothing, and that I know you already, since we met in the camp before Magdeburg." La Croix was silent. "Therefore, in God's name, recruit for my Lord, and I will be no stumbling-block in your road to fortune. If you can raise a capable regiment, and lead it valiantly, gladly will I, in the meantime obey your orders, so long as they consist with honour. But introduce discipline, and regulate your wild bands, or I will at once part from you, and

inform our common master of my reasons, and of the truth."

"You have only the end in view, not the means, Hauptmann Hohendorf," answered La Croix, restraining himself; "do ye believe that here, in the midst of Leaguer garrisons, I could recruit for the Duke in the usual way? Do you believe that my old friend and patron, Ghelen, would have sent me his superfluous men from Wolfenbüttel—that the Commandant of Halberstadt would have allowed me to use his recruiting-ground, except for the Emperor's service? Do ye deem that these wild warrior-companions would have assembled under Duke William's colours—a man whose name they scarcely know—unless the name of Pappenheim had given them a warranty of booty, and also the booty itself?"

"And if they should now learn for whom you are recruiting?" asked Hohendorf.

"Hauptmann," answered La Croix, with a smile, "you understand but little of soldier's work in Germany yet. Whither victory beckons, there the soldiery pour in crowds. Should Gustavus win the battle, and at the

cost of thousands, even the day after the fight would three enlist for every one who had fallen —would leave the flying Eagle, and follow the victorious Lion. Let the report, that Tilly has been beaten, once spread, and then we may throw off the mask boldly. Gladly will the soldier venture his life for booty; he seeks after victory, not for the sake of honour, *that* he leaves to his General to wind in his laurel-wreath, but for plunder, the enjoyment of which is his all."

"And is, then, honour nought? fatherland nought? nought the opinion for which one fights?" cried Hohendorf, indignantly. "Woe, woe to thee, my fatherland, when thy sons murder each other for the coat that covers them! when thy warriors go out to plunder widows and orphans, not to defend their hearths; when they hold the laurel, but as a rotten twig, and honour as money that will not go, and for which they can purchase neither wine nor women. Woe to the man of honour, who shall be placed among such wretches!" He turned his back upon La Croix, and left the hut.

"Fool!" cried the latter, as he left him. "On the very first opportunity shalt thou find the place where thou canst earn laurels instead of booty, and honour, and perchance death, if God will. Thou art a fool, who vapours about with his flourishes, and by dint of often repeating them, at last imagines he feels what he says! However, thou shalt not go entirely unrewarded, precious brother of the pious Maximilian! I never forget offence or insult."

CHAPTER XIII.

At a lofty bay-window of his castle at Wernegerode, sat the worthy old Count von Stolberg, with a letter in his hand; a young soldier, covered with dust, stood before him.

"Continue thy tale, Conrad," said the old Lord, "but first drink," and he reached him a silver cup, which the youth emptied, and setting down, began:

"The rout was general, all fled rushing towards the road to Halle. I joined myself in the twilight, trusting to my green doubtlet and light arms, to the Holkish Reiters, and crossed the Saale at Wörmlitz, in their company; and when they marched to the heights behind

Beuchlitz, to rally there, I gallopped to Schraplau, and during the night, by means of fresh horses, managed to arrive here. The Swedes were close upon their heels."

"Then dost thou believe they are drawing towards Halberstadt?" asked the Count.

"So I heard."

"And, therefore," continued the old man, "'tis only like, that straggling parties may look in upon us—for they are not fond of our Harz-Gebirge—where little is to be had, and the mountain-folk and charcoal-burners, are apt to hit hard with their cudgels. Go down into the town and tell the Burgers to shut the gates, and hold good watch, and to defend themselves, stiffly in case of need, though not to wait for extremities. And send me some twenty fellows up here, from the Alten-Roders, whom I have already destined for the business."

"If I see aright, my Lord," said the dusty messenger, "there is a troop now drawing nigh to the castle, they are just issuing from the valley by the mills. They must have wings!"

"Truly," said the old Count, looking out, "'tis cavalry and infantry. Haste thee down,

let the door be shut, and the castle-bridge drawn up. Send experienced fellows into the mountains at once, so that the wood-piles may be in readiness for beacon fires everywhere; and as soon as they blaze up here, let them kindle over the whole country."

The young soldier hurried out, the Castellain received the necessary orders for defence, and every one was busy in the castle, when the warder announced from the tower, that an Imperial officer, accompanied by a dragoon, had halted before the raised draw-bridge and desired admittance.

"The horsemen are lying quietly in the bushes behind the mill," said the Castellain, "and from one man, there is not much to be feared. We ought to know what he wants, gracious Sir."

"Then lower the bridge, and take all needful precautions," answered the Count.

The Castellain went out, and soon after the officer rode in, and was led to the Count. It was La Croix, who courteously paid his respects to the old man, and to his questions, as to what he might desire, he answered:

"I come, my Lord Count, to invite you in the most courteous manner to pay four thousand florins for castle and town, and therewith be quit of all further molestation."

The Count regarded him with a smile.

"In the wood below are five hundred men with two field-pieces. You have not so many capable of bearing arms in the town. Holk's corps is at Blankenburg."

"They won't be there for a long time," said the Count—rung and ordered the servant who entered to bring wine. "Sit, good Sir, and drink," said he courteously, "hospitality under all circumstances is the fashion of my castle; but as to a contribution, of that there can be no more talk between us."

La Croix was about to bully.

"Hear me calmly, Sir; Tilly has been soundly beaten near Leipsic, his army is in full retreat, nay, flight."

La Croix listened attentively.

"The proud Pappenheim, the scourge of our lands," pursued the Count, "has with his harnessed Reiters, turned his back for the first time to the foe, his bands are dispersed, and

your Holk, whom you have conjured up at Blankenburg, lay last night still at Beuchlitz, on the Saale, with scarce three hundred men."

"Then do I drink to the righteous cause!" cried La Croix, joyfully swallowing his wine, "destruction to Pappenheim and Holk, and victory to the Swedes, and my Lord of Weimar!"

The Count looked at him with surprise at these words.

"You seem astonished at what I say," observed La Croix; "read, and you will be so no more." He put his hand in his coat and took out a writing, which he handed to the Count: it was a patent directing him to raise two companies of foot, and two of horse, for Duke William of Weimar, in the Harz and surrounding country.

"You are then recruiting for Sweden, under Imperial colours?" asked the Count.

"You have divined it, noble Sir," replied La Croix.

"And wherefore did ye then demand the four thousand florins?"

"As a help to our recruiting!"

The Count considered a moment, and then said:

"Good Sir, money I cannot give you. The Duke of Saxony will have supplied you with that; but if you are inclined to make an attack upon the Imperialists, specially upon the plundering Holk, who may probably strike into these roads with his fugitives, I can promise you a thousand lusty arms, who can wield their heavy staffs as easily as you your sword, and many a hearty Jäger with a deadly rifle. Push on to Harzgerode. I would almost wager you will meet Holk; and let them kindle fires upon the hills—everywhere you do not see them already lighted—and the whole country will stream after you."

La Croix once more endeavoured to induce the Count to consent to the payment of even a small sum; but he refused in a firm, though friendly manner, though he promised to furnish the soldiers with the necessaries of life, and the horses with forage; and La Croix was, therefore, obliged to return to his people without having gained his end.

Here he found the rough-hearted warriors

laying down around the flag, which bore the crowned eagle, and emptying their beer-cups with noisy jubilee to the health of Count Pappenheim; and a trembling fear crept over the craven wretch, when he thought of the moment in which he must seek to persuade these old veterans of the Emperor of the League to forsake their allegiance, and tear down the much-feared two-headed eagle. He reflected that it only needed a bold man to rouse to mutiny these soldiers, the dregs of the regiments, and of whom many had, for years past, been a terror to the land as marauders. He felt his weakness and faint-heartedness, and that he had not the nerve to act with energy in such a case; but it only needed a moment to show the cunning knave a way out of his difficulties. He stepped among the soldiery, with a proud glance, and informed them that provisions in abundance would be immediately brought from the castle and town, with which he was upon good terms; and demanded then forty volunteers of the foot, and twenty horsemen, to accompany him on a bold enterprize, to be carried out forthwith.

At the word, nearly every one stepped forward. He chose sixty of the most devoted to him. Gave over the command to Hohendorf during his absence, begged the latter to accompany him a little way, that he might give him his instructions, and forthwith commenced his march. As they moved by the wall of the town past the Schlossberg, La Croix halted with Hohendorf and his followers, and sending the volunteers, with their ensign, in advance on the road to Hasserode, with orders to await him at the bridge over the Holzemme, he sat down with Hohendorf under a lime-tree, and having caused his followers to withdraw, he thus begun :

" Gustavus Adolphus has won the victory."

" Now God be praised!" exclaimed Hohendorf, springing up joyfully.

" Softly, noble Captain," interrupted La Croix ; " hear me out, and then act. Tilly is utterly defeated," he continued, " and the Imperial army is drawing near in full retreat. Pappenheim, Holk and his cuirassiers, have all fled. The proud ones gave the signal.

Now, gladly as I would do so, I cannot profit by this luck at this moment, when honour and victory are to be won. My duty calls me west, when I would gladly move east to meet them; however, I do it without anxiety, because I can make over our undertaking to you, and your judgment, and can trust my soldiers to your courage. Make known the change to them. Raise the Swedish Lion in the midst of them. Move against the enemy with them at once, and then proceed quickly by way of Blankenburg to Ballenstadt. The country-people of the Harz, as Count Stolberg has assured me, will flock to you in crowds. Do as much damage as you can to the Imperialists, who will probably collect again at Halberstadt; and endeavour to complete your companies by means of prisoners and deserters. You may rely upon Count Stolberg; and now farewell. Be upon your guard. In a few days, I will be with you again."

So saying he mounted, and rode rapidly to overtake his men.

Hohendorf, mistrustful of La Croix, determined, before undertaking anything, first of all

to speak to the Count. He received from him confirmatory accounts of the victory, and his kindly, conciliating behaviour winning the Count's confidence, he had no difficulty in obtaining from him arms for thirty musketeers, and as many pikemen, which this loyal old partizan of the Protestant cause lent him immediately from his armoury ; and with these arms he equipped the newly-raised Hessians, and people of the Harz, so that his own band now consisted of one hundred and thirty well-armed, able-bodied men ; and then, for the first time, he assembled the whole party, which consisted besides of about one hundred and twenty foot and one hundred horse, and announced to them, without circumlocution, that Tilly had been beaten, and his army dispersed ; that the Swedes and Weimar people were on the advance, and that the Protestant peasantry of the country would probably rise, band themselves together, and together fall upon the vanquished. To his joy, he remarked that these words produced an almost general expression of disturbance in the countenance of his hearers, but they were all silent.

The Cornet of the Cavalry alone, an old warrior with a scarred visage, who might have already sold himself more than once to Satan, took up the word, and setting himself gravely in his saddle, said:

"In that case we must break up at once, and move towards Wolfenbüttel, comrades, before the enemy or devils of countrymen surprise us. No time for delay; decide at once."

"Not at all, Cornet," said a Corporal of Cuirassiers, interrupting him, "he was the same who, by order of La Croix, was to have delivered Clara to Colonel Bauditzen. Should we sneak into a fortress which the Swedes will shut up close in less than a fortnight, and where we may then, like a mouse in a trap, fight against hunger and hardship as we best can."

"In good truth, no: and besides, Sirs, I and my comrades will just go over there, where the green rue blows under the princely hat. I suppose they are Duke William's colours."

And so saying, the greater number ranged themselves beside the green band, who stood in

battle array. Good fifty horsemen, and as many foot, had followed him.

The Cornet seeing this, colours in hand, dashed the spurs into his horse's sides, and sprang in front of his men:

"Where the goddess of victory is absent, comrades," said he, "there the soldier has nought to hope for: the man who flies to-day is worth nothing, though he might have been of tenfold value the day before. To the warrior every standard is the right one, if, when it is unfurled, it waves victorious. And then, too, the Swede pays well and justly; and, therefore, I suggest that we should follow fortune, roll up our eagle until better days dawn, and take service under the rue wreath."

"Have ye read the motto that glitters above it, you Cuirassier Cornet?" remarked Hohendorf.

"Long ago, Herr, and know well what it signifies. The Saxons are a true and honest folk, and loyal to their Lord, like none beside them. Had I been born in this land, mayhap I might have found some traces of the same virtue in myself. But I came from Calmar, in

Alsatia, followed divers standards for twenty years, until Herr La Croix gave me this, which I will now roll up and lay aside again. I therefore pledge you soldier's faith; which, as you well know, lasts but while the pay is fairly counted down; and so fare thee well, thou gluttonous double-head," he cried, smiling, and rolling up his eagle as if he were merely changing his doublet. "And now, let whoever is a brave horseman follow me over to the green band there." His horse bore him over to them in a trice, and nearly all the Reiters followed him, with the exception of about twelve, who stood fast upon the spot.

"We demand free passage to Wolfenbüttel," said one of them, riding forward towards Hohendorf. "We were sent by our Colonel, the Commandant of that fortress, to strengthen Herr La Croix, but not to mutiny, and without Herr La Croix's order—"

"He is in the service of the Swedish King," returned Hohendorf, "and what I do is by his orders."

"Is it so, truly!" cried the elder Reiter (one of Don Balthasar's), enraged; "then I was not

mistaken when I long ago held him to be Swedish. You, however, Hauptmann, bear the print of honesty on your forehead, and from you I expect leave to depart."

There now arose a murmur in the band, which soon grew to a fearful pitch: those who had gone over demanded that these twelve should not be permitted to go, but either be retained by force or shot down. One wished one thing and another, another; the Cornet busied himself to still the uproar, and desired that they should at least be deprived of their arms, and horses, and then be permitted to go their way. Hohendorf, however, who had watched them quietly and sternly, now suddenly stepped among them, commanded silence, and cried:

"Obedience, is the first duty ye owe to your master and to me, whom he has sent to command ye. Ventures a man among ye all to murmur, he hangs upon that oak as sure as I am an honest soldier. Whoever, however, believes," he continued calmly, "that he cannot yield strict obedience, he has leave to go where he will, only not on the same road with me; let him leave us, and strive against need and

wretchedness, and against the peasant (who is everywhere in arms againt marauders) as he best can. Ye, however, who prefer remaining true to your colours, go, and God be with you; greet your Colonel from me, and tell him in my name, when any of our people fall into his hands to treat them more humanely than he has done. Farewell."

The old Reiter shook him frankly by the hand in token of farewell, and drew off his party in the direction of Wernigerode, while Hohendorf broke up, and not as La Croix had directed, through Ballenstädt and Blankenburg, but, following Count Stolberg's advice, by way of Elbingerode and Hasselfelde; took the nearest way to Harzgerode.

CHAPTER XIV.

La Croix had meanwhile overtaken the party he had sent in advance at the bridge, and now pursued his march deeper into the forest; took the well-known road over the Hippel, along the foot of the Brocken, and soon came in sight of the two white sentinels glancing over against him, as they kept watch over the old huntsman's dwellings, and rattled in the evening breeze. La Croix smiled as he looked at them; it was the laugh of a devil when he has succeeded in winning an honest soul from rectitude and made it his own.

"Now, my warlike comrades," cried he, "that house which those singular figures are

watching is your property, plunder it, the booty is common good; murder every living thing you find there, be it man or beast, 'tis all one to me, and then set it on fire."

A wild cry of savage joy answered this command. The Reiters dashed into and around the premises, and a party of foot soldiers followed them and beset all the passages and outlets, the others crowded into the court where La Croix observed the old Trude hasten into the stable; and the band greedy of plunder, like a loosened pack of hounds, rushed into the house. La Croix distrusting the Jäger and his beasts remained outside, when after a short space, kitchen and cellar, parlour and chamber, were all emptied and ransacked, and the not trifling booty in goods and provisions secured. They proceeded to rummage the barns and stables; but scarcely had they opened the door than the bear and the wolf, those trusty companions, rushed forth, and setting on the plunderers, tore some to the earth, wounded more, and dashed out through the open door; as if they had recognised their enemy, they went furiously at La Croix, who turning his horse

endeavoured to fly; but the wolf springing after him seized the horse's throat, pulled it down and was hastening to lay its claws upon La Croix, when the devil was mindful of his own and the brute fell pierced by a bullet, near its friend the bear which had been killed by a thrust from a pike.

"Now set it on fire," shouted La Croix, extricating himself from his fallen horse. "Set the nest on fire."

The flames rattled and blazed on high, and the old huntsman's asylum burned lustily and soon became a heap of ashes. While his true companions lay dead before the gate, and the bones of the skeleton sentinels were tossed and scattered by the Reiters in all directions, Trude had escaped through a back door, and looking down from the hill saw La Croix and his men dividing the spoil, tapping her beloved casks of Einbecker, and quaffing it to her health. With a harsh and shrieking voice she called out to them from a rock:

"May my curse be upon ye! may all good and every blessing forsake ye, you murdering, burning ruffians!"

So that the soldiers could hear her even above the tumult, and looking up, saw by the glowing light of the fire, between two lofty pines, the ghostly and witchlike figure, which after passionately rolling down a huge stone at them, vanished among the trees.

CHAPTER XV.

On the night after the battle, Holk had caused a number of watch-fires to be kindled on the heights in rear of Beuchlitz, in order to collect the fugitives; however, Pappenheim had passed by this place with the rest of his cuirassier regiments already before Tilly's arrival in Halle. The latter fainting from many wounds, had arrived there shortly after Pappenheim, and only remained long enough to get his wounds dressed, and then, with all the force he had been able to collect, amounting to about eight hundred foot and two hundred horse, he moved on further to Gerbstadt. Pappenheim had, however, gone to Mannsfeld, from whence he

sent an order to Holk to take his way by Ballenstädt to Quedlinburg, where he would effect a junction with him. Tilly had marched by Aschersleben to Halberstadt.

At daybreak, on the 18th of September, Holk broke up from Beuchlitz and Holleben, with six hundred horse, eight hundred infantry, and a small falconet which a detachment of the Dietrichstein regiment had saved; however, in the course of his march, he was continually joined by runaways and detachments of horse and foot, so that at midday he arrived at Seeburg with about one thousand infantry and seven hundred horse. He here found in the castle sufficient stores of provisions, and encamped between the two lakes, whence he was however soon driven by the Swedes, who followed him by Schraplau and Merseburg; and it was late in the evening, after suffering a loss of many brave soldiers, when he reached Eisleben. Though the Swedes had not pursued him so hotly after leaving Seeburg, he nevertheless broke ground before day, and left the place without plundering, and moved towards Rum-

melsburg, where he crossed the Wipper, and allowed his soldiers a few hours repose.

The information now reached him that the country people had risen in parts of the Harz, and had banded together to bar his progress towards Halberstadt, that they had broken down all the bridges, and occupied all the defiles, he therefore adopted the resolution of attempting to deceive the armed peasants, left Rummelsburg after but a few hours rest, and marched straight for Harzgerode, in order from thence, by turning sharp to the right, to reach Quedlinburg by way of Gernrode. When he had marched a few leagues, and twilight had fallen, he saw beacon-fires on all the hills around, while in the distance he could hear the alarm-bells announcing his arrival—if the assembled countrymen did not await him here; yet individual bands of passers-by swarmed around him, and whenever a solitary soldier strayed only a few paces behind his comrades, the peasantry rushed from the thickets and slew him; and if a troop of horsemen diverged towards a village on the flank, according to their praise-

worthy practice, for the sake of plunder, the neighbouring inhabitants assembled, and the plunderers but seldom escaped.

Into whatever village Holk entered with his people, he found all deserted; neither man nor beast, or necessaries of life were left behind. Everything had been conveyed for security into the forest; then Holk grew angry, and dropping all forbearance and caution, pointed out his way to the revengeful peasantry, by the blazing villages left behind him. Thus he arrived in the night at Harzgerode. His numbers had now again dwindled down to four hundred and fifty horse, and six hundred infantry, and on the morrow he marched with these (making as if he would go to Ballenstädt) quickly towards the Mägdesprung, in order here to cross the Selke, and to occupy the old hunting castle, now the observatory, where a number of roads united in the thick forest, and so to reach Gernrode; but what was his surprise, when he saw on the other side of the Selke, by the Mägdesprung, several hundred soldiers, and also cavalry, supported by a large number of armed peasantry, ready to contest his passage. The

brave Holk, however, did not suffer himself to be discouraged by this, but put his falconet into position, and threw his musketeers into the thickets; and as his horsemen quickly found a ford, through which they crossed, his pikemen attacked the bridge with levelled pikes, covered by his musketry, and at the sight of the cavalry, before whom Hohendorf's hastily collected levies could not maintain their ground, the peasants and Jägers threw themselves into the hills, and Hohendorf was compelled to retreat into the old castle. Continually skirmishing, Holk had now reached the castle with his little army—the peasantry swarming around him—the castle in his front, from which the musketry of the defenders commanded every point. Without guns, having been compelled to abandon his on the Selke, he embraced, on the assumption that his march on Gernrode had been betrayed, the daring resolve of throwing himself into the forest, on the right, attained by good luck the road to Ballenstädt, though still followed by Hohendorf and the peasants, and not without trouble and great loss, reached that town.

Here he met with a still greater surprise than

on the Selke; he found the castle occupied by the enemy, who, however, did not venture out as he marched by, and merely sending a few shot after him, allowed him to enter the town quietly. He left it again the next morning; and as he marched into Quedlinburg, a lad brought him a note, with the following contents:

"La Croix, who commands in the castle of Ballenstädt, wishes you a fortunate journey, and is sorry to see you so thinly attended on your career of victory. The dreaded Pappenheimers seem to have bid adieu to the world, since the battle of Leipsic. Greet Pappenheim for me, and remember the redoubt at Kreuzhorst."

"I'll have thee yet, rogue," cried Holk, when he had read it, and without troubling himself further about La Croix, or the castle, continued his march, still harassed by the country people, to Quedlinburg, where he joined Pappenheim.

Adolph Hohendorf, after hanging upon the enemy's traces still for some distance, returned to Ballenstädt, where he found La Croix himself, who had returned from his incendiary expedition. He also had found the soldiers, who were dispirited by the accounts of the

defeat and flight of the Imperialits, ready and willing to change their colour. He had left a small garrison in the castle, and with the rest passed into the town below, where Hohendorf received him coldly enough, gave over to him the prisoners and deserters, about five hundred in number, and withdrew. As La Croix went through the ranks, and found among them several old acquaintances, who would serve to strengthen his companies; and when he saw, himself, who had, under Pappenheim, always played a subordinate part, standing at the head of such a considerable band, a smile spread over his villainous face, and he strode proudly along, accosting each of the prisoners in friendly tones, and promising to each mountains of gold. Suddenly he stopped, his eye flashed, and passion, mingled with malicious joy, appeared in his countenance.

"Provost," cried he, pointing out one of the prisoners, "hang me this fellow on that lime-tree."

"I thought it would be so," said this unfortunate, who was no other than the old story-teller of Holk's Reiters. "I thought, directly I

saw you, that you would fill up the measure of your shameful deeds by my death; however," added he, with cold calmness, "I shall not die such a dishonourable death, though 'tis like you may."

La Croix laughed scornfully.

"Wait a little, prophet," said he, "we'll see if thou art proof against the cord, as well as thou mayst be against steel and shot. Quick with the work, lads."

The provost began to make the necessary preparations, whilst La Croix cast a triumphant glance at the old man, who, with his beads in his hands, softly muttered his prayers. Even the hard hearts of La Croix's band were touched at the sight of the old soldier preparing for death; and some of them stepped forward to intercede with their leader in his favour, but in vain; and a murmur begun to arise amongst the prisoners and deserters.

La Croix ordered his musketeers to load and keep their matches ready for all chances, and all hope of rescue seemed to desert the old man, whom his cruel fate had given into the hands of this ruthless villain, when Hohendorf came up

with the Jägers and peasants, who were returning to their homes, and wished to bid their comrades farewell. La Croix saw his approach, and ordered them to hasten with the execution; and the hangman, who at that time was always to be found in military bodies, was leading the unfortunate under the fatal tree, when a huntsman, who had hurried on before the others, stepped into the circle, and cried out in a voice of thunder:

"Halt, don't hang this man," while he eyed La Croix sharply.

"La Croix," also said Hohendorf, who just now hastened up, "I must beg of you to honour my promised word. I have engaged to grant the prisoners their lives, and the deserters service. What I have promised, you must stand to."

"If that is the case," returned La Croix, who was, perhaps, inwardly well satisfied at being released from a dilemma by Hohendorf's intervention, "give him his life, though he has justly forfeited it tenfold."

"You will also permit," said the old Jäger, breaking in upon the discourse, while La Croix recognized him as the old man whose house he

had burned the day before, "you will also permit this man to accompany me; he shall be our share of the booty."

La Croix consented, after some hesitation, to this reasonable demand.

"But I request," continued he hypocritically, "that he comes to no harm. I must respect Hauptmann Hohendorf's promise."

The old huntsman cast a look of contempt at him, and took no further notice of him. He shook hands with Hohendorf at parting, while his Jägers and peasants bid their comrades farewell, and promising to be at hand in time of need, returned back to their own dwellings. Had the old huntsman only surmised that he should find his a heap of ruins, his rifle would assuredly not have missed the incendiary.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was on a gloomy autumn day, that the mighty and much dreaded Tilly, borne upon a litter by his soldiers, at the head of about six hundred foot and a few horse, entered Halberstadt. No joyous welcome greeted him, for the officer who had come in advance had, by his orders, strictly forbidden all demonstrations of welcome. One day had swallowed up all the laurels of so many victories, and the battle of Leipsic had buried in the grave of oblivion all the glory of a long and active life, and nearly at the end of his course, he was a fugitive —he, whose mere word had assembled armies round him, could now scarcely find a sufficient

escort for his mere protection, and one regimental gun was the only remnant of his, for that time, immense train of artillery; and Count Fürstenberg and Colonel Officuz, the only officers of name who were with him. His old true comrades, Schönburg, Erwitte, Bongard, and Blankart, those gallant leaders of the League, had died upon the field. His most devoted adherent, the Duke of Holstein, had also died of his wounds, having been taunted on his death-bed by Gustavus Hom, with having, though a Protestant prince, drawn his sword against his brethren in the faith, and the freedom of the German princes, while his splendid army, for so many years the terror of Germany and the admiration of Europe, was no more. One day had destroyed it, and he now saw around him only the melancholy remains of his past greatness. He no longer felt the confidence necessary to elevate him above the strokes of fate, and to enable him to defy it.

Out of tune, both in mind and body, the General entered the dwelling so often trod by him in former and happier days. He had left it as a conqueror, now he returned as a fugitive.

He impatiently awaited Pappenheim's arrival; he had not seen him since the evening before the battle. His last reliance was on him; he was in hopes that he might have collected the scattered troops, and that he would rejoin him with at least a portion of his army; and the old man's countenance expressed joy and hope, when it was reported to him that Pappenheim had marched in.

The meeting was a serious one. Tilly advanced to meet him, and extended to him in silence his left hand (the right, in which he had been wounded, hung in a scarf,) pressed his cordially, and that pressure told him that no reproach should sadden the hour of re-union. They embraced, and surely never had so cordial an embrace passed between the two heroes as on that day. Misfortune had brought them, for the moment, nearer to each other, though the field of Leipsic had not quite obliterated the old grudge, the former jealousy.

"You are welcome, Field-Marshal," Tilly begun. "I rejoice to see you. Do you come alone?"

"Almost as bad as alone," returned Pappen-

heim, "together with Holk, who joined me in Quedlinburg, I bring you fifteen hundred horse, and eighteen hundred infantry."

"Just God!" cried Tilly, forgetting himself. "And is this all that remains of that once mighty army? Is this all that is left me to defend my master, the Emperor, and the Princes of the League."

"Unless you can find resources in yourself," Pappenheim interrupted, indignantly, "we are indeed in evil case."

"Ay, indeed," retorted the old man. "Had I listened to the voice of my inward monitor, in the grave-digger's house at Leipsic, we should not both of us be here, beaten, and fugitives. But no reproach. You have fought full chivalrously in the battle, and striven like a man for victory, and I thank you, Count Pappenheim. The boldest must succumb when he strives against fate. God has brought it upon us, and His will be done. I bore His sword, and yet was not victorious."

"Count Tilly," said Pappenheim, with gloomy earnestness, while his countenance expressed a mixture of defiance and desperation, "since that

decisive day, it has appeared to me as if the belief which I shared with you, that I bore the Sword of God, was a mere empty vanity—a mantle to conceal our own passions—soft music to lull an awakened conscience—the earthly glitter of Faith we keep for ourselves; but the wounds which it inflicted, the flames which it kindled—the tears, the woes which it wrung from others—these stern accusers on the great day, we turned over to Heaven to dispose of as it would. But since God and Fortune, since my old bands have forsaken me—since these never before vanquished soldiers have recoiled before the men of snow, as if they had been of brass; and when I saw the Swedes, who call the Pope Anti-Christ, and yet pursued me hotly through field and forest, then, methought, that the Sword of the Lord could never fail before unbelieving heretics, and it admonished me that I was a man like all others, subject to destiny, a foot-ball of fortune, and truly not chosen for any especial mission by my God. Possessed with this belief, I raised my sword on high, and swore henceforward to trust alone to it, and to the God within me. The Sword

of the Lord has become the sword of Pappenheim; and as God lives, Count Tilly! I will wield it with equal power and confidence as before."

Tilly scarcely believed his ears when he heard this speech of Pappenheim's; and yet since the battle, the voice of his inward monitor had spoken to him in low tones, but to the same purport, and had caused his belief—that he was a chosen instrument of God, that faith which had inspired the old man with the confidence and vigour of youth—to waver.

"Pappenheim," said he earnestly, "rob me not of the last stay which, in these times of misfortune, supports me; but no! you cannot do it. No earthly might can do it. I ever walked in a calm, but determined course. No impetuosity ever drove me aside therefrom, and now that I am so near to my earthly end, I will not waver in the day of trial, but trusting in that God who has hitherto guided me in so fatherly, so merciful a manner, will I pass over the small space yet left to me. Pappenheim, you are dear to me—I honour your soldier heart. I love ye as a father may love the son

who looks for his inheritance, and would fain dig his father's grave before the time. As that son, to that father, so are you dear to me; and therefore now does the old man, the Christian, speak to you—oh! had the latter more often spoken in me. Remain firm in Faith: it alone can hold us superior to our Fate—not the rushing feelings akin to desperation—not mad self-confidence, the daughter of unbelief. On the soaring flames of Magdeburg, Victoria fled from us. We were, on that day, bloodthirsty tigers, and therefore we must bleed today. Did not human weakness, or ambition urge me on," continued Tilly, after a short pause, "to seek again to win what I have lost on Leipsic's field, I would leave the stage of life, and in all humility say—'I understand thy sign, merciful Father!' and so should my career be closed."

"And what does it please you now to do?" asked Pappenheim, almost sneering.

"Relying upon God, to collect the last energies of my spirit, to stand forth as a man once more, and then to die, as a Christian. In the former, you will, as I hope, stand by me, for I

reckon entirely upon your activity. I will furnish you with money to complete your own and the Walloon regiments."

"Fled they also?" asked Pappenheim vehemently.

"They fought as if they had been Germans, unconquered, and keeping all their colours. They accompanied me here six hundred and twenty strong."

"Six hundred and twenty!" cried Pappenheim, "out of four thousand: six hundred and twenty only left! Oh, destiny, destiny!"

"From all the garrisons," pursued Tilly, "I will draw as many soldiers as possible."

"All—all!" interrupted Pappenheim. "Victoria follows your colours in the open fields; behind walls and ramparts, she is only half the soldier's friend."

"Altringer," continued Tilly, "is marching through Hesse to Hildesheim, with the new levies for the League. If the Swede gives us time, which I almost believe he will, many more will also re-assemble around their colours here. In the worst case, we shall be safe behind the Weser, and thus draw the enemy with us out

of the territories of the Emperor and the League."

"The plan has been wisely considered," replied Pappenheim, after some reflection. "Altringer and Gronsfeld lead to us fifteen thousand men, with, say five to six thousand, we may leave Halberstadt. Draw ten thousand from the garrisons, recruit, and you have once more an army ready to fight and wipe out the stain of Leipsic."

"Muster the soldiery!" said Tilly, breaking in upon Pappenheim's flight of fancy: "let your presence rouse the fallen spirits of the troops. You also are concerned to blot out the Leipsic stain."

Pappenheim was about to reply, but reflecting quickly remained silent and withdrew. Trumpet sound and beat of drum soon assembled the troops before the gate which leads to Aschersleben; they took post in the same order as they had stood on Leipsic's field. The stern countenances, as, filled with shame and indignation, they banded themselves about their respective colours which were yet remaining, afforded a gloomy spectacle; many a regiment

commanded by its Lieutenant-Colonel was scarcely fifty strong, others more numerous were led by an Ensign, and the remains of the Holstein regiment, even by a Sergeant. The Count von Sulz, severely wounded in the arm, had still the largest number present—five hundred men of Tilly's regiment were assembled round the six standards, which they had brought with them from the field; the other Leaguer regiments were nearly disorganised; the Imperial infantry which had come from Italy with Fürstenberg rather less so. Fürstenberg's cavalry were posted, as in the battle, on the right; Pappenheim's cuirassiers on the left wing; by the solitary falconet which had been saved, were ranged two half-royals, which had been found in Halberstadt. Pappenheim's infantry stood in the second line, with Officuz at their head, and thus they awaited the Field-Marshal's coming.

He came; no trumpet flourish, no joyous cries of victory sounded a welcome to him; stern and silently did the assembled bands receive him, neither did he greet them. Colonel Cronenburg, who in Fürstenberg's absence com-

manded his cavalry, received him at the head of nine regiments, now consisting of seven hundred and eighty horses; they had lost severely by Horn's attacks, and the ravages of their own cannon; but most of all during the last resistance which they had offered, when Tilly was in the midst of them.

"Good morrow, cuirassiers," said Pappenheim, "you have had a warm day, and have considerably melted away; but God willing! many a comrade will still be found by his colours again, and again will fortune smile upon us. Take courage."

"That will we!" replied an old, scarred warrior.

"That will we!" repeated the whole body.

When he came to the ten regiments of infantry, which, still two thousand and one hundred strong, were commanded by Lieutenant-Colonels Uncis, of Gallas, and Count von Sulz, of Tilly's regiment. He said to the latter:

"You understand how to keep your men together, Count von Sulz. You have still a pretty band of Tilly's, by the colours. You

seem to be tender of men's lives in battle, as you were at the storm of Magdeburg."

"Even on the battle-field I strive to be a man, Field-Marshal," replied the noble-hearted man, "for of the deeds of such a day, I must give an account hereafter. I hope, that in the battle, Tilly's regiment performed its duty, as well as Pappenheim's cuirassiers."

"Very possibly," returned the Field-Marshal with a bitter laugh, and rode on.

When he came to the cuirassiers, who were on the left wing, under Holk's command, he turned his horse suddenly, and galloped through the interval to the second line, where the remains of his own regiment, and of Savelli's and Wangler's were posted, and when he saw their colours thickly planted in rows before them, he sprung from his horse, and giving Officuz his hand, cried:

"Welcome, Pappenheimers!" and they clashing their pikes and muskets, returned the greeting with loud and joyous shouts. "Ye have fought like men—not a colour lost, not a step yielded. You have but succumbed to numbers. You have maintained the honour of

my name, and honour has followed your steps, and will, perchance, collect yet more under their colours."

"No, Field-Marshal," interrupted Officuz. "the missing lie dead upon the field. No runaway will return to these colours."

"I will have you recruited in the countries of Liege and Flanders. With God's blessing! the companies shall soon be again complete, and the Pappenheimer bands, as before, strong and full of energy." He nodded kindly to them, remounted, and rode towards Holk, who, greatly vexed, was sitting upon his chesnut, humming a tune.

"Now then, Field-Marshal, at length you have come to muster your cuirassiers. There is yet a goodly band—eleven hundred men out of seven regiments."

"I know it," answered Pappenheim, carelessly; and rode along their line, at a walk and at some distance, and without looking at the soldiers.

Holk looked sulkily at him, halted his horse suddenly, and turning round, galloped back to the town in a rage. When Pappenheim had

nearly reached the left wing of the cuirassiers, a corporal of Piccolomini's regiment sprang out of the ranks, drew near to the Field-Marshal, and said in a stern, but respectful tone:

"Field-Marshal, here stand Pappenheim's cuirassiers!"

Pappenheim looked angrily at him, and was about to ride on.

"Yes, Field-Marshal," he repeated, in the same tone, and catching at Pappenheim's bridle rein, "here stand Pappenheim's cuirassiers!"

"Vermazo!" cried Pappenheim to the Major commanding, "let this mutineer be arrested, and hanged without trial;" and drawing a pistol, "let go my horse's rein, wretch!" he cried, furiously, "or I'll drive a bullet through your brain."

"'Twould be a more honourable death than hanging," retorted the cuirassier, and without releasing the bridle. "Do what you will with me, but in the name of the cuirassiers, I demand justice. Until now they have been proud to bear your name; and now, forgetful of their deeds, you choose to despise them because they are not invincible."

Pappenheim had, during this short space, collected himself. The warmth with which the old warrior spoke, the honest countenance with which the scarred old soldier stood before him, and perhaps, also, a side-glance which he cast at the dissatisfied and murmuring soldiery, as well as the recollection of what this regiment had done for him in past days, put him in a milder frame.

"Back into thy ranks, old man," he commanded the dragoon, with a stern, but friendly tone. "I will follow thee!"

The old man hesitated a moment, and obeyed.

Pappenheim now turned his horse, and rode to the right wing of his cuirassiers, and looking darkly at the line of horsemen, rode silently along them, and then turning again to their centre, halted, casting his glance once more along the line.

"Comrades!" said he, "on the field of Leipsic you have lost your glory and your name; in the next battle win them back, and I will forgive you. But for thee," and he turned and rode up to the corporal of Piccolomini's, "thou who hadst the courage to brave the death of a

mutineer, to redeem the injured honour of the Pappenheimers, I do caution thee against a repetition of thy fault. Verily it will cost thee thy life. However, for what thou hast this day done, thou art forgiven, and in token thereof, take this pistol, which I was about to use against thee, bear it in honour of me, and the first shot you fire therefrom strike the bitterest enemy of our faith. And now, farewell till we meet again." He gallopped off, and the trumpets flourished, and, as if inspired by the God of War, the little band followed him to the town.

CHAPTER XVII.

In the house allotted to them, on the Domplatz at Halberstadt, sat Hedwig by Max Hohendorf's couch. A bullet had struck his left arm, and another had broken his leg. He felt much exhausted and weak, but did not complain. It was Hedwig's soft hand which smoothed his pillow, and her pious, kindly glance that smiled upon him when he awoke from a short slumber, 'twas the gentle tone of her voice which comforted him. His body suffered, but spirit and mind were unbent, and by Hedwig's side, he thought but little of the lost battle; and anxious alone for Pappenheim,

he was fully tranquillized, when he heard of his arrival in Halberstadt.

Totally different from the frame of mind with which Hedwig watched the couch of sickness, was the feeling which possessed Anna. With the news of the lost battle, her proud, high-soaring spirit, which had so often led her from the path of womanliness, had awakened anew. Her step was firm. The gentle air of suffering, which misfortune had imparted to her bearing, appeared to have vanished, and, as if the vengeance of the Protestant cause had been her own likewise, she triumphed in the glorious victory. She only sometimes inquired, though with less anxiety, if anything had been heard of Pappenheim; and when Hohendorf this morning gave her the intelligence that he was alive, and would that day march in, a flush overspread her features:

"Well, that is good!" she exclaimed: no other word escaped her.

While old Trausdorf and his wife thanked God for the overthrow of the enemies of their faith, which they looked upon as a retribution for the horrors of Magdeburg, and Hedwig

had not thought, or feeling, for aught but Hohendorf, Anna paced her solitary room, her bosom heaved, her heart beat violently, her eye glanced, and every nerve was excited, and there was a degree of tension in her whole bearing, that she herself knew not how to interpret. Even as little as she knew what she would attempt, the thought dimly crossed her; "He is unfortunate—cast down from his lofty state. He stands nearer to thee, and thou canst now repay pity with pity." At times, too, did the feeling of revenge awaken in her heart a kind of joy at Pappenheim's misfortune; and she would fancy that Heaven had punished him on her account. And then forgot, what a trifling drop she and her fate constituted in the stormy sea of millions of unhappy ones, who raised their prayers to God for help. She rejoiced in the hope of seeing him—of seeing him unhappy; and then again would her ever-glowing regard change the joy of her heart into pain and sorrow. In this unquiet frame, she had awaited him the whole day; and, as the trumpets sounded before the bands now marching in, and still he came not, her disquiet grew to impatience.

In the evening she left her solitary little cell and entered Hohendorf's chamber, whom she found alone; she seated herself silently at the window, and looked out expectantly for Pappenheim.

"Anna," said Hohendorf, "you are much excited; you expect Pappenheim with impatience; if a friend may counsel you, speak not to him to-day when he comes—'tis not fitting that your meeting should be passionate. What do you hope for from him, who can be to you but a sad recollection of a troubled day—at most, can be but a friend in need? Go back, I pray you, to your chamber that he may not find you here; for he is sure to come."

"Hohendorf," said Anna, sitting down confidingly upon his bed, and her whole bearing was sadness, "love in the hearts of men is different in its nature. Your's walks calmly hand in hand with reason, and spares its bliss for peaceful days; and like the careful housekeeper never drains the cup to the last drop. It is a kindly star in your course through life, spreading a soft twilight round you—it glances lightly o'er your course; and if the storms of life envelop it with

clouds, rests peaceably until they are dispersed; but mine," she continued, rising, "is a fiery form of air that rushes glowing on its irregular course through my darkened Heaven, and then, consuming itself, expires. Its glowings, either quicken like the sunbeams of Heaven, or consume like the flames of Hell! Ever longing, it is insatiable, and drains to the last drop the cup of life, though then 'tis evermore to thirst. Well it is for you that you tread the safe and moderate path—well for me that I know how to enjoy life's blisses in deep draughts—that I am able to strive against the pangs of fate; and, therefore, Hohendorf—good, noble-hearted friend—let me finish my course: we shall ne'er agree therein. What could happen to me now? All that is most dreadful has already befallen me, and what yet remains is but light affliction, or a gentle death."

She had scarcely thus spoken, when Pappenheim entered; he was struck with her appearance—her countenance seemed again to glow with the charms which since, that unfortunate evening, had been banished from it. She advanced to meet him, visibly struggling to repress

the words upon her trembling lips, while her heart strove against another feeling, and pride sought to restrain the tears which would fain have broken forth.

"Welcome, Count Pappenheim," she said, at last, and as she said it her eyes caught his pale grief-worn countenance, and as she thought of his fallen laurels, her feelings overpowered her—she burst into tears. The heart had conquered.

She hurried out.

"Do I deserve your tears, Anna?" said Pappenheim, who had followed her, "Do I deserve your sympathy?"

She was silent—the long dark lashes covered her tearful and downcast eyes, and her hand trembled in his.

"I fancied that you would have rejoiced that retribution had overtaken me also."

"Count Pappenheim," said Anna, to whom these words recalled the past, "if love placed the poisoned bowl in my hands, when vengeful feelings had seized my broken heart, yet it knows not the bitter smile of mockery. I pity you—

I know the pain, the misery, of being hurled down from one's height of pride to a fathomless depth—I know the pang when pride is humbled for ever; and, therefore, I share your sorrow. I have it here," and she laid her hand upon her breast. Suddenly she raised her head. "Yes, Count Pappenheim," she said; and while the glowing fire of her eyes was softened, a gentle smile played around her lips, and a cast of sadness gave an irresistible expression to her face; "yes; why conceal it longer? I love you warmly—eternally; but God, and my religion, will henceforth strengthen me, that my affection may be pure and holy, dimmed by no wish, dishonoured by no deed; to the proud conqueror my heart could never have said this, but to the vanquished it devotes itself so long as it beats. Anna would possess your respect, though you love her not."

Pappenheim, who had listened with surprise to the maiden, who at this moment appeared like another being, felt an emotion in his heart —for, ah! misfortune oft freely opens the door to feelings which before it never knew—and he

threw his arm around her, and pressed her hand affectionately to his heart.

"I acknowledge thy love," said he, with deep feeling. "I honour thee, maiden."

As if heaven had opened upon her, and an angel had brought words of healing to her heart, so inspired was Anna's upward glance.

"Now, God be praised!" said she, "that I have heard such words from your lips—now 'twill again be well with me in this world; and now thou art from my heart forgiven, and I am thine in life and until death. But understand me well, Count Pappenheim—be your happiness henceforward mine—your misfortunes, let me aid you to bear—be your grief, my grief; but desire nought from me but this." The sad and gentle expression had vanished from her eyes, and remembrance had cast a shadow on her brow. "Good night, Pappenheim," she softly said, and left him.

Pappenheim whose attention had been quite divested from his friend by Anna, after gazing upon her retiring figure with sympathy, turned

into the sick man's room, where he found Hohendorf alone, and stepped up quickly to his bed.

"Thank God!" he said, much moved, "that I find you here again, Maximilian; we parted in a perilous moment. Are thy wounds of consequence? Dost thou hope soon to be able to follow me?"

These questions followed each other so rapidly and vehemently, that even Hohendorf, who had often seen Pappenheim in his excited moods, was surprised, and remained silent.

"Thou dost regard me with a look of wonder, Maximilian," pursued Pappenheim, "I believe well, that my features are changed; my eye no longer glows, the vanquished man stands not as formerly, with looks of confidence before thee. Leave this, my friend, this too will pass away; times will change, and my courage will know how to fetter victory to my sword again. Tell me only, how it is with thee, and if thou canst soon hope to follow me, I need a friend now more than ever!"

"Whether I may be able to follow you,

is in God's hand," said Hohendorf in a low voice, " my right leg is broken."

" My poor friend !" exclaimed Pappenheim ; " but see, I also bear my left arm in a sling ; and thou knowest well, I ne'er return unwounded from a fight. So long as life lasts, man has hope, and wounds are but pearls in the wreath of victory, therefore I am contented to find thee even so."

Hohendorf was deeply affected by the compassionate sympathy of his paternal friend, who gave him the assurance, that in case he should be made a prisoner, he would himself negotiate with Gustavus for his ransom ; and as Hedwig and the other members of the family entered, he was more courteous and condescending than he had ever been. Thus passed several days in calm domestic peace. Pappenheim came daily to visit Hohendorf, but Anna also seemed to have an equal interest in his visits ; and much good as this did her wounded heart, Hedwig's pious disposition had also worked advantageously upon her. She did not, indeed, conceal her feelings, but

remained true to her character even here. Passion led her to no weakness, and she managed ever to hold Pappenheim in the bounds of respect.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Officers and soldiers had again by degrees begun to collect in Halberstadt, so that the army was already gaining considerable strength, and when the King of Sweden, having taken Merseburg and Halle, put himself in motion to follow up his victory, Tilly resolved to break up from Halberstadt, and draw nearer to the Weser. He gave over the keys to the magistrate, and recommended him to remain true to the Emperor, and accompanied by the Catholic ecclesiastics, after a stay of three days, he marched into the Hildesheim district.

The farewell of Pappenheim and Anna was affectionate. She knew how to hide her grief.

"I know that you love me, more I cannot, will not hope," she said with emotion. "I am constantly about you—even when you are far from me, my spirit hovers round you, and holds your image fast, so that it cannot leave me. If you need me, I shall be with you. Am I helpless and want protection, you will, I feel assured, grant me freely a refuge near you. Only forget not Anna, and disturb not the blessed dreams which now surround her."

Hohendorf was less collected when Pappenheim approached his bed to bid him farewell. It pained him not to be able to accompany his General, when the latter so much needed the sympathy of a friend—various cares oppressed him. Pappenheim had frequently at this period, expressed his indignation to him plainly; and slightly signified, that he had lost confidence in the cause, which till now he had so zealously defended. Therefore, this day, when the parting hour arrived, Hohendorf begged the by-standers, to leave him for a space with the General alone; and when they had withdrawn, he took Pappenheim's hand.

"May I," he said, "in the hour of parting,

venture one petition? It will tranquillize me if I may speak out."

"Hohendorf," returned the Field-Marshal, "when mightest thou not open thy heart—thy wishes to me?"

"The mishap of Leipsic," said Hohendorf, "has made a deep impression upon you, it has truly not discouraged you, but rather raised your mental energy, and inward confidence in yourself; but the true source of all trust, which alone can support man upright in every storm of life—trust in God—it has deprived you of. You chide with that Heaven, whom you believed you served, while you were heaping victim upon victim to its honour. You chide at it, as at a master who doth not acknowledge your true service nor reward it, and you seek the remedy in yourself alone. Bear with me, and yet hear me," he continued in a faint voice, as he saw Pappenheim begun to be impatient "hear your friend and faithful servant kindly; trust not in your own strength, suppress the proud fancy that you stand steadfast, supported by yourself alone. The thrust of a pike, or a stray shot, may end this energy, this courage

at a blow, and the meanest soldier may cast the mighty Pappenheim to the earth, if God protect him not!"

A sad foreboding must have arisen in him at these words, for he grasped Pappenheim's hand and pressed it warmly to his lips. He then stopped speaking; he was too much affected, and they sat awhile together silent.

Pappenheim now broke silence.

"Maximilian," said he, and the tone in which he spoke showed that what he said came from the depths of his heart, "I have left the faith of my fathers—God knows from no desire of earthly gain—from conviction, I came over to the Catholic Church; because I believed in her to find the way, which her priest pointed out to me as the only one to Heaven. Once I had renounced my old faith, I clung with firm unvarying truth to the new one; and in my vain opinion believed, since the overthrow of the peasants on the Ems, I was selected by God as the champion of his Church, and following her doctrines and teaching, have I bathed her sword in blood, and kindled burning funeral piles throughout Germany. I felt the call within me,

I was compelled to do it, and believed I did right. That faith has left me, and once lost, returns no more; what now remains to me but reliance on myself, or to renounce that courage which has made Pappenheim's name so formidable in Germany. Henceforth, I strive for myself alone, pluck every laurel for myself, and what is to be answered for—blood and flames. That I will answer. I am weary, like the heroes of the ancient blinded heathen age, of fighting protected by the shield of the Gods. I will stand through my own energy, and by myself will fall. And so fare thee well, Max! may this farewell not be our last, for I would fain yet again see thee in life, but most gladly on the day of battle, on the evening of victory; that so I might once more stand before you brilliant as of old. But wherefore starest thou so rigidly?" continued he, and his look glanced unsteadily at Hohendorf, "why dost thou fold thine hands? What words do thy lips murmur? Spare thy prayers for thyself—for me they are vain. Since the fight at Leipsic, Pappenheim is there above forgotten." His brow grew dark, his eye was fixed upon the ground, then sud-

denly drawing up: "Greet Anna," he exclaimed, "be happy in the arms of thy Hedwig, and as soon as thou art able, follow thy General again to victory."

"Judge him not according to his words—not according to his deeds, Father of mercy!" prayed Hohendorf, "observe his will and the spirit that was in him. Great would he stand forth on the ruins of a world, if Thou didst give him mildness with his energy, and hold him firm unto the faith from which he has gone astray."

CHAPTER XIX.

Two days had already past since Tilly and the Imperialists had left Halberstadt and its environs, and no Swede had yet been seen. True the intelligence had been received that they were making havoc in the Harz; and those in Wernigerode, Blankenburg, and Ballenstädt, had little cause to rejoice over their new guests, but all remained but report; and in Halberstadt, all was the most lively expectation. The Protestant townsmen regarded the road from Halle, and the Harz with longing looks, for until the arrival of the Swedes they dared not open the churches which had been closed. Those of the

Catholic party ever hoped for the return of Tilly.

On the third day, about noon, the watchers on the tower announced that soldiers were advancing on the road from Derenburg. The citizens streamed to the ramparts, to convince themselves of the fact, and soon perceived that some hundreds of horsemen and nigh eight hundred foot had taken possession of the post at Sperlingsberg. A trumpeter soon after approached the closed gates, and demanded admission in the name of the King of Sweden. Deputies from the council went out to convince themselves that the comers were really Swedes, and to make the necessary arrangements with the Commander of the corps. The security of their property being guaranteed, and personal freedom, and only a moderate contribution having been demanded for the support of the troops, the gates were opened, and they marched in.

Hedwig rejoiced, and yet frightened at the arrival of the Swedes, went to the window to see them march in. Anna occupied alone with thoughts of Pappenheim, remained sitting on Hohendorf's bed, and did not conceal, that, why

she knew not, but that the arrival of her co-religionists was unwelcome to her. Hohendorf prepared for much that might be unpleasant, and cast about in his mind, how he should behave under these circumstances, when suddenly Hedwig rushed from the window with a loud cry, and exclaimed with a trembling voice, "La Croix!" whom she had just seen marching in with his troops.

This intelligence struck them all, as it were, with an electric shock, but most of all, Anna, who sprang up quickly, hastened to a cupboard, and took out a sharp dagger. Hedwig threw herself into her arms.

"Give it to me," she begged. "No rash steps, beloved sister, for the sake of God! trust in His protection, if He forsakes you, this miserable weapon cannot guard you. Give me the dagger, Anna," she repeated.

"And thou art silent," said she, turning to Hohendorf, who did not join in her request; "thou sayest no word, and yet knowest Anna and her vehemence."

"Do I know if she does right to give up the weapon?" returned he; but Hedwig besought

her with tears, and Hohendorf at last united his request to hers, and Anna gave up the dagger.

"Now, well," said she, "I follow thy counsel, my sister, but I know that I do wrong; thou dost not know this La Croix, a tiger is gentle in respect of him, take the dagger and guard it well; even thou mayest need it." She left the room, and shut herself into her own apartment. Hedwig went again to the window.

"What is the appearance of the people?" asked Hohendorf; "are they Swedes? You may know these by the fair hair, and uniform coloured clothing, and their light equipment; their Reiters are not sheathed from head to foot in iron, and the infantry have only a light steel cap, and on their colours thou wilt commonly see a lion rampant."

"I see nought of all this," said Hedwig, "the cavalry appears to me to be armed much as Don Balthasar's men, and the infantry like those of Pappenheim's regiments; but here alone, with their backs to the Cathedral, is a band of men clothed alike. Green is their colour, almost like Holk's men, their armature

is light, and they appear to be orderly in their bearing."

"Can you make out their colours?" asked Hohendorf.

"It is white with a green garland, almost like a rue branch."

"Those are Weimar people!" exclaimed Hohendorf; "perhaps my brother may be there; oh! that I could go out. Send old Gertrude forth to get tidings;" the old woman was sent forth, and soon returned with the information that the small body drawn up before the Dom, was Herr Hohendorf's company. However, he was not here, but had gone to Weimar, to his master: they were hoping for his speedy return. Hohendorf's countenance brightened at this—he rejoiced in the expectation of seeing again his beloved brother, and hoped that his own situation would be improved by his presence. However, La Croix's proximity determined him to send a message at once to his brother, and to beg him to return as quickly as possible.

The afternoon passed quietly as usual; the soldiers had gone into quarters where they were

received kindly, and as long-expected guests; they betook themselves right and left to the neighbouring houses; but into that which was inhabited by Trausdorf and his wife, came no one, and though with the departure of the Imperialists, the protection which they had hitherto enjoyed was void, yet the Commander of the Weimar troops had the consideration not to burden the unfortunate fugitives from Magdeburg with the soldiers. Not until late in the evening was the quiet of the house broken. Some one knocked at the closed door, and on its being opened by the old servant, La Croix entered.

"Go to my friend Hohendorf," said he, in a friendly way, "and inform him that I would speak to him." He remained quietly on the ground-floor until the old woman returned, and bade him enter.

The family, which was all assembled around Hohendorf's couch, received him courteously, but with much anxiety; no one surmised that his visit would bring joy; yet all, even Anna herself, who, at Hohendorf's request, had remained in the apartment, found La Croix's

behaviour much changed. After he had greeted the others, he drew near to Hohendorf, in a friendly, almost confidential manner, lamenting to see him wounded, and badly wounded, and rejoiced that chance had brought him here, that he might be enabled to alleviate the fate of his friend; and when Hohendorf, although against his will, felt obliged to thank him for his friendly expressions, he addressed himself to the females, spoke in terms of sympathy with the old people, assured them that their natal town would soon be again in the hands of the Protestants, and the time-honoured Cathedral again be opened to their brethren in the faith; he conversed with Hedwig, and even jested over the extraordinary stroke of fate which bound her to Hohendorf's sick bed.

"This time," said he, smiling, "I hope that what the first time prevented, the second will bind irrevocably."

And last of all he turned to Anna, but before he begun to speak, his glowing eyes passed rapidly over her whole form, so that the impression made by his changed behaviour upon Anna was quickly dissipated.

She received him with her customary hauteur, still more heightened by her conversation with Pappenheim; he spoke with her only upon indifferent subjects; but had, notwithstanding, hardly power over himself sufficient to conceal what was passing within.

The discourse became general; and when La Croix begun to speak of his present position, and to vaunt the mildness of his new master, Duke William, and the comprehensive spirit of Duke Bernhard, and praised his good fortune which had led him under their colours, unfurled for the liberties of Germany, Hohendorf turned his back towards him, and pretended to be asleep; this did not escape La Croix, who cast a scornful glance upon the sick man, and took his leave.

When he had withdrawn, the old people, and even Hedwig herself, praised his modest bearing, but Anna shook her head.

"To me," she said, "his friendly quiet appears to be merely the closeness before a storm; he has evil in his mind, and would put us to sleep in order that the blow may be surer and more powerful, and this concerns not me

alone, but you also Hohendorf: so pray be upon your guard."

"Thou dost ever cast a sad look before thee," said Hedwig.

"Too sad, or perhaps rather too calm and considerate," murmured Anna to herself; "if thou dost judge mankind according to thine own pious heart, that ever shows itself as it is and yields to others, I in like manner consider them according to the regard which I cast into myself, and there all is not like the pure heaven in thy breast. Give me back the dagger, Hedwig, I believe I shall need it—give it to me," she begged; "it is the only inheritance I possess from my father—his last melancholy bequest."

Hedwig did not give her the dagger; and with a heart heavy with foreboding, Anna laid herself to rest. However, the night also passed away, and her forebodings were not realised, though anxious dreams disturbed her slumbers; and when the dawn greeted her kindly, as she awoke, she felt surprised to find all so still and calm, and that her dreamy visions had passed away without assuming a tangible form.

The ringing of bells now roused her from her thoughts. She arose, and perceived that the Cathedral was on the present Sunday, about to be re-consecrated to the Protestant worship. She dressed herself, and followed old Trausdorf and Hedwig into the house of God, whereto, all the inhabitants of Halberstadt were flocking in holiday costume. It was a hearty cheering spectacle, to see old and young streaming towards the holy house, which had now for years been closed; it was like a general holiday, joy had enlivened every face. Friends, and even enemies, exchanged a friendly pressure in this pious pilgrimage, and at the gates of God's holy house many a long-standing quarrel was reconciled; it was to them as if heaven's gates were opened, and as if in entering God's Church, they were also entering its portals.

The old Cathedral had been beautifully decked, by young girls, with flowers; candles were lighted, as at the Holy Christmas, and while the sun shone cheerily through the lofty Gothic windows, they spread but a cold and trembling light around. No sound dis-

turbed the solemn silence. Every heart was full of devotion and humility. Each mouth wished to express only praise and thanksgiving to the Lord, and each hastened, with saddened hearts, to the place where he had sat in his boyhood, and offered up his devotions, and where, as a man, he had since prayed for God's blessing on his wife and children. And when the congregation was assembled, and the organ sounded solemnly, and with a devotional and holy spirit arose the heart-stirring hymn, "God is our Tower of Strength," then the domestic chaplain of Count Stolberg, who was the nearest Protestant Minister in the country around, stepped up to the altar, to chaunt the Litany; and when he had, in a solemn address, admonished the devout hearers to a firm confidence in God, who never forsakes his people; and when the congregation had responded with a solemn "Lord God we praise Thee," he approached the front of the altar, and said, "The Peace of the Lord be upon you, and open your hearts to reconciliation, the Spirit of God enlighten you, and strengthen your timid spirits. The blessings

of God Almighty accompany you on your way, always here and hereafter; grant forgiveness to your enemies, even those who have so long excluded you from this holy place. Grant you courage and reliance in the hour of trial and misfortune, which in so many forms may visit you on your path through life. The blessing of Heaven is what I beseech and pray for, for you all. And now, after long languishing, draw near, ye chosen ones, to the table of the Lord," he continued, with fervent devotion.

The faithful ones drew near, and praising the goodness of God, sought strength and trust in the holy banquet of love.

Anna had also risen to go with Hedwig to the altar; but in the middle of the church she stopped suddenly.

"Go alone, dear sister, and pray also for me," said she, in a broken voice; "I cannot deem myself worthy to draw near to the Lord's table; a shudder comes over me as I approach the altar."

She drew back to a seat, which stood sideways behind a pillar, threw herself upon her knees, and prayed silently, then hurried home.

When Hedwig, whose devotions had been disturbed by Anna's behaviour, had ended the holy ceremony, and had vainly sought her sister in the church, she returned home with the Trausdorfs. Here she found Anna, in her own room, and reproached her gently for losing her trust in God's mercies.

Anna made no reply; but gloomy, and wrapt in her own reflections, she remained the whole morning, taking no part in anything.

Towards evening, La Croix came again, and found the family put out by Anna's bearing. Hohendorf, who much as he strove to master himself, could not hide his contempt for this man, answered his various questions coldly.

Anna, upon whom he, this day as usual, pressed his attentions, treated him with hauteur, and soon withdrew. Hedwig's manner alone was friendly, and seemed to endeavour to soften the dislike which he met on all sides. When he, soon after, got into a conversation with Hohendorf, regarding the present war-like operations, and took occasion to speak slightingly of Pappenheim and Tilly, he answered him dryly:

"If I were not strictly confined to my bed, you would not have dared so to speak; and I should have believed, that you would have blushed for very shame, even to mention Pappenheim."

La Croix blushed, it is true, but in fury, not in shame; he had, however, sufficient self-command to break off the discourse quietly, and soon withdrew.

CHAPTER XX.

On the following morning, when the family had just assembled for breakfast, drums and trumpets summoned the garrison to the Dom-Platz. La Croix, upon a richly-caparisoned horse, and handsomely dressed, seemed about to hold a muster; he began with Hohendorf's green band, and then ordered the lieutenant commanding to go at their head, accompanied by twenty horse, and make a reconnoissance towards Gröningen.

The Weimar troops had scarcely marched out, when a corporal and a guard entered the house where Trausdorf lived, and without further question, went direct to Hohendorf's

chamber. "Rittmeister," said he, "you are the King of Sweden's prisoner," and so saying, the Reiters seized all the arms they could find, set a guard at the door, and when old Trausdorf would have gone out, the sentinel prevented him, saying: "No one must go out." Anna alone, who had anxiously awaited the issue of this affair, and now urged by an inexpressible feeling, hastened towards the door, was allowed to pass unhindered, but a soldier followed her, and posted himself before her door, which was kept open.

"If I mistake not," said Hohendorf to the corporal, who, serious but respectful, stood by his bed, "you served in Colonel Schönberg's regiment?"

"Yes, Rittmeister," answered the man.

"And you could forsake your colours?" asked Hohendorf.

"Hum!" growled the Reiter; "I was dissatisfied in the army."

"And wherefore?"

"We are Germans, honest Bavarians, and Franks, and, to find favour with Pappenheim, a man must be a Walloon, or an Italian, and

win the name of Pappenheimer by robbing and plundering; wherever booty is to be had, he sends them; where there is hard work to be done, with plenty of knocks, and little pay, the Germans are good enough—that touches an old soldier on his tender side, for each of us holds himself well worth as much as these Walloon bastards of Frenchmen, or these roistering Italians, and death comes alike to all, be he who he may; and so I went my way, where I fancied our good God caused the sun to shine clearer out, and as I hope many thousands will follow us to where we now are; for, as I hear, directly after the battle, seven thousand Germans went over to the Swedes, and they will most of them do the same—at least those of my faith."

"Are ye, then, Lutheran?"

"Ay, Sir, with faithful and believing heart."

"And yet served the Catholic League?"

"I deemed that was all one to the soldier, his faith goes not to the field with him; but when I heard from our field-preacher, the Capuchin on the bridge of Dessau, that we were

fighting for the faith, and then first learned that the priests in Vienna were our Generals, I began to reason with myself, and thought, if the war is against the Church, and not the country or the people, and the money and goods of the peasantry, then will I also fight for my Church, in which I was baptized, and for the faith in which my father died; and so I accepted the invitation of Herr La Croix, who is now Major in the Duke of Weimar's service, and whom I see just now coming over to your house."

His observation was correct. La Croix approached, accompanied by a crowd of baggage, varlets, Reiters and foot-soldiers, and entered the house, while the rest and the soldiers remained upon the Platz.

"What means this?" cried Hedwig, terrified; "he nears the house, and now he enters!"

"Tied to a sick bed, unarmed, and incapable of preventing a deed of violence, or to defend you, or myself, or to die!" cried Hohendorf, fearfully enraged.

"My beloved," besought Hedwig, "spare yourself."

"Spare?—spare? oh! could my whole life purchase but one moment of free action! but to live—to see your destiny and mine cast into this wretch's hand!" he exclaimed, almost beside himself. "Pray!" he continued, in a tone of desperation, "oh! pray, and arm yourself against the worst!"

Hedwig had already folded her hands in prayer, but La Croix disturbed her not; he strode, as if well acquainted with the house, direct to Anna's chamber, signed to the sentinel to remain outside, and entered, dressed as for a festal ceremony.

"Anna," said he, approaching the maiden, who appeared to-day no longer to retain her usual firmness at his appearance, for she tottered and trembled, "Anna, I come to you once more, to beseech where I might command. Orphan, and helpless, and poor, stands the dishonoured one before me, to whom I, the favourite of fortune, offer hand and heart—to raise again the fallen one. God knows I am angry at my own weakness, in allowing myself to be so led away by a passion which I might well term no longer love, but madness; but

your look—the beaming of your eye, angrily as it glances upon me, has but too much power over me, and I must. Speak! will you become my wedded wife? The Pastor attends in the Dom; all is ready for the solemnity. Speak, Anna!"

At first, surprised at this unexpected proposal, she said quickly, but with scorn and firmness: "No!"

"For your sake," he continued, calmly, as though he had not noticed her stern denial, "have I left the Imperial army, and have been forced upon the uncertain sea, where I have now happily rescued myself. I am Major in the service of the Swedish Crown, command the new levies of the Duke of Weimar, have money and goods to afford you a brilliant lot, and am really bound to you by a feeling to which, until I met you, my heart was a stranger, and which neither your scorn nor Pappenheim's evil deed have been able to diminish. Moreover, Anna, your sister Hedwig's fate is also in my hands, consider that well; once more I am before you a suppliant wooer: give me your hand as my

wedded wife." Anna was silent; he also stood dumb before her; she stood motionless, and merely made a motion of abhorrence with her hand. "I feel," he continued, with vehemence, "that this moment must decide my fate, and can either reconcile me to my God, or shut me out from every hope of Heaven. Rescue me—rescue Hedwig—rescue yourself—be mine!"

"No, never!" she cried indignantly, and thrust away the hand he had extended towards her.

At these words he cast a peculiar look on her, changing each moment under the influence of a thousand conflicting passions; he paced vehemently several times across the room, and then standing suddenly still before her, broke silence:

"What I said to you, you seem not to understand; you have scornfully repulsed me and deprived me of all hope. Well, you will now better recognise La Croix in what I am about to say: Hohendorf is in my power, this day he will be torn from your sister's arms and

pay me a bloody reckoning for all the scorn he has heaped upon me. Hedwig also is in my power—a fresh and blooming rose, and much to be preferred to a full-blown flower; and," he continued, with a malicious and satanic glace at the maiden, which expressed his fearful purpose far better than his words, "and if that will not compel your consent, then look out upon the baggage varlets there below, and behold your fate."

Anna had not noticed the last words, for her spirit was busily engaged with Hedwig; and without heeding La Croix she drew near to the window and gazed at the swiftly-passing clouds, and her eye dark and sad began to glance and brighten, and in low tones and from the depth of her heart she uttered these words: "Thou dost send me this trial, all good and gracious God; I acknowledge Thy mercy; I shall here expiate my crime that I may there stand purified before Thy throne, the polluted one must rescue her who is holy and pure, even with her blood. Thy will be done."

"Is all prepared in the Dom?" asked she, turning suddenly.

"All is prepared," answered La Croix, struck by her calmness.

"The festal meal also?"

"That too shall not be wanting."

"And you also promise me, to make the solemnity as honourable as befits the Commandant of Halberstadt?"

"Most joyfully," replied La Croix; and yet was this anxious seeking for outward pomp in her frame of mind, strange and not pleasing to him.

"Then will I accompany you to the altar," said she quietly, and took his hand.

"Without a bridal garment or a wreath?"

"The lamb for sacrifice bleeds, even unadorned with a garland."

"Yet must you be crowned with myrtle; how could I lead my bride to the altar without a wreath?" he opened the door, and called a servant who brought a small basket containing a myrtle-wreath.

She seized it hastily; but while it rested in her hand the tears gushed from her eyes in streams. "Father," cried she, raising her

weeping eyes towards heaven, "Father, forgive me my errors, as I would forgive him." She laid down the wreath beside her, and said with a beseeching tone:

"Will you not, Herr La Croix, suffer my sister to come up, to weave the garland in my hair?"

"Let me do that—the wreath might fall from a virgin's hand; and moreover none of your family may approach you until you are my wife."

"Even so then," said Anna, and bowed her head, while La Croix plaited the wreath into her locks; and as she raised her head now adorned with the bridal garland, he opened the window and made a sign, and the trumpets flourished and the bells of the cathedral commenced to peal.

"Come, Anna," said he, throwing his arm around her, "come to the altar; but first give me the bridal kiss?"

"Not now," said she, shuddering, "press not on me now, let me move on my sad path in peace; and when at the wedding feast, the

trumpets and cymbals sound aloud in honour of the bridal pair, then, " she exclaimed fearfully excited, " then be it thine."

She spoke these words in such a tone of emotion, and her eye glanced so darkly upon him, that it brought a strange and uneasy feeling over him.

" Then come, beloved," said he, " come to the highest aim of my wishes—come to the altar."

He led her down the steps, and as she passed by the room where Hohendorf lay, and where her friends were assembled, she suddenly stopped, her knees trembled and she turned pale; but quickly recovering herself, she moved with dignity across the Platz to the cathedral.

Several officers, who offered Anna a respectful greeting, followed to the sacred ceremony; but of her own relations no one—no friend—no playmate of her youth accompanied her to the altar. She beheld no one who, on her way, which was like a journey to the grave, sympathised with or felt for her. Strangers alone followed out of curiosity. Yet once again from

the open church door she looked back to the house where those dear to her dwelt, and then entered the lofty portals of the cathedral. The steps of the warriors sounded hollow through the wide empty aisle of the church, and the air from the hollow vaults struck cold upon her heart; and the unfortunate girl felt as if she was entering her grave. The organ sounded, the sacristy opened, and the same old pastor who had the day before dispensed the sacrament approached the altar again; but her courage did not forsake her, and she walked calmly through the nave of the church to the choir, when La Croix stopped suddenly, and whispered in her ear:

"Anna, if you believe through a daring denial to escape me here, know that the threat by which I compelled you to follow me, shall be fulfilled, and Hedwig be the sacrifice."

"Herr La Croix," answered the maiden, with dull indifference, "here will I become yours if God permit it."

They advanced before the altar. The old man looked searchingly at the damsel; his eye

rested upon her long, for she wore the bridal wreath in her hair, but no bridal garment decked her, neither did she stand there with the timid, maidenly look of a bride. He cast but a cursory glance at La Croix, and begun the solemn address; and impressed upon them in few but fervent words the admonition to patience and true love.

"Is it your firm determination, Anna Wanfried," he then said, "to unite yourself for ever in the bands of matrimony with the Major of Infantry, Rudolf La Croix? if it is, speak out, and decidedly—yes."

Anna hesitated an instant, and just as she was about to pronounce the fatal word of union, trumpets flourished without.

The trembling answer of the maiden died away at the sound, and an officer whispered La Croix in a low tone, but so that Anna could distinguish his words:

"Duke William of Weimar has just entered the town with his suite."

And like a lightning flash the thought came across the maiden:

"He comes to save thee."

And swiftly as a hunted doe, she rushed with the bridal wreath still in her hair through the astonished crowd out of the cathedral, and over the Platz, where she saw a noble-looking man, seated upon a handsome horse, and surrounded by officers.

"Mercy!" she cried, and caught the bridle of the horse, so that it bounded high, and drew back, "Mercy, noble Duke! Rescue me; if a human heart beats in your bosom, rescue an unfortunate—"

"Who is this damsel?" inquired the Duke of the by-standers.

"The bride of Major La Croix," answered an officer; "he is there, just coming from the church."

At these words, Anna glanced towards the church-doors; and when she perceived the approach of La Croix, she tore herself with masculine strength from the hold of the attendants, who would have kept her back, and drew near to the Duke.

"Noble Sir," said she, in a more collected

tone, "protect me from this man—this La Croix—who forced me to the altar by the most dreadful threats. In mercy, guard me from him."

Meantime La Croix came up.

"Pardon, noble Sir," said he, bowing, "that a poor mad woman has crossed your path."

"A mad woman, and your bride?" asked Duke William.

"It was but now in the church, that God must have deprived her of her senses," answered La Croix, with bold impudence. "These officers, who accompanied me, can testify that she followed me of her own accord; and only as she heard the trumpets flourish, madness seemed to seize her, and she broke from me, and rushed out."

"Your name?" asked the Duke.

"Anna Wanfried," she replied.

"Have you a sister named Hedwig?"

"Yes, noble Sir."

"Then accompany her to her dwelling, and let her remain there under my protection until

I have arranged further," said he to an officer.

"Gracious Sir," said Anna, drawing nearer to him, "you have granted me protection; and I thank your princely goodness for it. Fill up the measure of your kindness."

"You shall also have justice," continued the Duke.

"For that I will not petition you, noble Sir," said she, in a gentle tone of entreaty; "but yonder lies the betrothed of my sister, Herr Hohendorf, an officer of the League, severely wounded. Grant your protection to her, and give him his liberty."

"Joyfully do I grant you this request, on behalf of Adolph Hohendorf's brother," replied the noble Prince; "but tell me why you would not have me do justice on that man?"

"Noble Sir," she answered, and her whole being seemed to change, as her eye fell upon La Croix, and she struggled in vain against the agitation which seized her, "noble Sir, the wrong that this wretch has done me cannot be

righted before the judgment seat of law. There are crimes more fearful than that of murder, which strike more surely than the dagger at the heart. In no law-book are they inscribed, because the word, and not the deed affects them. Such crimes can our own hand alone avenge; the sword of justice is too mild, and cannot heal the broken heart. My revenge will surely find—my dagger surely reach that man."

The calm benevolence with which the Duke, at the commencement of Anna's vehement address, had regarded her, changed by degrees to a serious and stern expression.

"Anna Wanfried," said he, "for a woman the distaff—not the dagger—is befitting; a maiden's heart should harbour forgiveness—not revenge. You seem to have gone astray from the noble course of your destiny; and will, therefore, constantly become a prey to such men as neither honour nor understand a woman's tenderness. Go to your friends, and let me care for the rest."

Anna stood, blushing deeply, by the Prince;

his speech had struck her inmost heart. She bowed silently, cast an annihilating glance upon La Croix, and returned to her dwelling.

"Herr La Croix," said the Duke, now addressing himself to him, "we have no more need of you; you are dismissed from our service."

"I am in the service of the Swedish Crown," replied La Croix, impudently.

"Very possibly," said the Duke; "and I, as the King's Lieutenant-General, find good to dismiss you therefrom. You will give over, therefore, to the War Paymaster, who accompanies me, twenty-two thousand florins, which you have extorted in the name of the Crown of Sweden, but until now have retained for your own use; and return to him the testimonial of the Administrator of Magdeburg, as well as the recruiting patent, both of which, in your hands, may work much ill."

La Croix would have spoken.

"No more words," said the Duke, angrily,

"lest I feel compelled to give you over to the Provost."

Accompanied by a guard, La Croix followed the Paymaster to his quarters.

CHAPTER XXI.

While the foregoing events were taking place in the cathedral and on the Platz, the family were assembled in the most painful state of anxiety around Hohendorf's bed. Hohendorf had believed, on La Croix's entrance, that his revenge would fall upon him; but when he went up to Anna he then divined his purpose, which was confirmed to his mind when Hedwig saw her unfortunate sister leave the house with La Croix, and with the bridal wreath in her hair, cross the Platz to the Dom.

Tears gushed from Hedwig's eyes, and wringing her hands, she ran about the room like one distracted. All except Hohendorf, even aunt

Cunegunda, who was usually indifferent enough to what did not immediately concern herself, wept bitterly.

"I anticipate all that is dreadful," said Max, "the calmness with which, as you say, Anna has gone to the church, gives me an insight into her feelings. If God take not compassion on her, the day will end in blood."

These words affected the weeping women deeply; and the most fearful forebodings came upon Hedwig, when the trumpets roused them from their grief; and one of the Reiters who, out of curiosity, went hastily to the window, now exclaimed:

"Duke William, of Weimar."

And Hohendorf's countenance cleared up.

"God has heard our prayer," said he.

Hedwig now interrupted him abruptly.

"My sister hurries from the church; she rushes towards the Duke."

"Then she is saved," cried Hohendorf joyfully.

After a while the door opened, and Anna entered, silently took the garland from her head and plucked it in pieces, laid it on the table,

and then, as if she had first perceived her, pressed the weeping Hedwig to her heart more tenderly than ever.

"Thou hast not strayed from the path of thy destiny," said she gently, "therefore wilt thou become the portion of an honourable man, who will understand and do homage to thy tender nature. Well for thee, woe to me."

She now approached Hohendorf, and extended her hand to him kindly.

"God shows mercy, even to the sinner," she said to him. "He has kept me back from all that is most fearful."

"Were you married to him?" asked Hohendorf anxiously.

"No; the yes was hovering upon my lips when the trumpets flourished," she cried, springing up, "my deliverer was at hand; I made myself a way and rushed out—"

"And if the trumpets had not sounded?" asked Hohendorf with affectionate sympathy.

"Then had I—when at the banquet he would have embraced me—have stabbed him to the heart; from this God has preserved me."

Exhausted, she sat down on Hohendorf's bed-

side, and cast down her eyes, whilst Hedwig raised her's thankfully to heaven. And old Trausdorf and his wife looked unceasingly towards the Dom Platz, where Duke William was mustering the new levies which had marched in. Even the old corporal, and the Reiters not unmoved, had withdrawn from the door, when it opened quickly, and with the joyful cry of—

"Oh, my dear Hedwig, my dear Anna!"

Clara, followed by Adolph Hohendorf, rushed into the room, like an angel of light coming to dispel the gloom, so joyfully did Clara's coming surprise them all; and so did Hohendorf's presence also delight them. They had not deceived themselves. He dismissed the Reiters, and informed his brother, that Duke William, who had, at his request, hastened his journey here, had set him at liberty without ransom. Adolph Hohendorf, enraged at La Croix's brigand-like behaviour, had, some days before, gone to Weimar to the Dukes; had met them at Erfurt, with the King of Sweden, had acquainted them with all the particulars of La Croix's behaviour, and the situation of affairs;

and had assured them, that the companies he was raising for them, resembled much more a band of robbers than disciplined soldiers, and thereby persuaded Duke William, for whose army the regiments of horse and foot were destined, to come privately to Halberstadt, and convince himself upon these points.

He had then gone to Weimar, to fetch Clara, and bring her to Halberstadt, to Hedwig, whom she had an unspeakable longing to see; and his brother's letter had only the more decided him to this course.

Duke William having made the necessary arrangements for the defence and management of the Bishoprics of Magdeburg and Halberstadt, for which he had the King of Sweden's commission, and having named Adolph Hohendorf Major, in the place of La Croix, left Halberstadt, himself, the same evening, and returned to Erfurt.

La Croix had, on that same afternoon, made off, but whither he had betaken himself, remained unknown; and it was only supposed he was in the neighbourhood, because, day by day, some few of the most licentious of the soldiery,

and of those among them most devoted to him, deserted their colours, and this made Hohendorf apprehensive that he was in correspondence with his former comrades, and kept him continually on the alert.

PART IV.

THE BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

CHAPTER I.

After a short abode in the Hildesheim Provinces, Tilly had passed the Weser, with his army at Höxter; here he was joined by three infantry regiments, and two of cavalry, which the Ecclesiastical Electors had levied and sent to him, with ten pieces of cannon. From hence he marched to Fritzlar; his army now increased to considerable strength, practised the greatest atrocities in Hesse, and though Tilly seemed to wish to treat the territories through which he marched with greater consideration than usual, all his commands on that account were fruitless. The spirit of licence had too strongly seized upon the soldiery for them to avail or to meet with

obedience. At Fritzlar, Altringer and Fugger joined him, and he thereby saw himself anew at the head of an army as strong as that at Leipsic; and, against Pappenheim's advice, instead of moving against Gustavus Adolphus, who had gone by the Thuringian forest to lay siege to Magdeburg, he marched to unite himself with the Duke of Lotharingia, who had just raised twelve thousand men for the Emperor's service.

Since the battle of Leipsic, the understanding between these two commanders had been growing continually more critical. The old man, who sometimes would even fancy that Pappenheim had purposely moved him to fight at Leipsic, in order that he might lose his laurels on the battle field, or should the case be otherwise, that he might be able to attribute the victory to his own counsel, had grown more distrustful of Pappenheim than ever; and the latter had also in some measure lost the respect with which he had hitherto always acted towards the victorious old General. All his letters to the Elector of Bavaria gave evident hints that the power of action had left the old man, and that

the day of Leipsic had almost entirely destroyed within him every feeling of self-reliance.

Tilly felt also himself too strongly that since that battle, Maximilian of Bavaria had been more particular in prescribing to him his operations, which formerly he had left entirely to his own judgment, and that the trust he now reposed in him was more the effect of forbearance than of real confidence.

The intelligence which was spread abroad in the army that the Court of Vienna was again engaged in fresh negotiations with the Friedlander, regarding the command, was not calculated to re-establish old relations between the two, or to awaken the confidence of the army itself. The Imperial officers, with but few exceptions, longed for Wallenstein's good fortune—his profusion and liberality all contrasted too strongly with Tilly's penuriousness. Pappenheim also saw very clearly that the army of the League, of which the regiments that had been opposed to the Swedes at Leipsic were totally ruined, could not easily be again restored to such a state as to bear comparison with the army of Wallenstein,

about whom, as the rising sun, the old leaders were assembling their bands with joyous alacrity. He had therefore urgently besought the Elector to send him with a considerable force to Westphalia, where he would be independent of Tilly, and now, from Asschaffenburg, where the intelligence became every day more rife that Wallenstein was raising an army for the Emperor, and that the Imperial regiments now with Tilly would join him, he wrote again to Maximilian, and at length received the long wished-for orders to leave an army that, composed of so many incongruous elements, seemed drawing near to its dissolution.

It is true he received the command in Westphalia and Lower Saxony, but his army consisted in his own person alone, for no regiments were ordered to join him, though money for recruiting was to be furnished to him in Cologne. Displeased at undertaking a command with such confined means, and under such adverse circumstance: he was wholly left to his own resources, and had to rely entirely upon himself, and therefore, without being discouraged by these events of the time, he took leave of Tilly, whom he

found upon the point of holding a muster of the Lotharingian army.

"I knew full well, long ago, that you would leave me," said Tilly; "when you endeavoured to persuade me to leave the remains of your regiments behind upon the Weser, I felt certain that you were desirous to return there. Well, well, I can't blame ye—the game is far easier with the Lünebergers and Hessians than with Gustavus Adolphus; and as to the Swedes, you learned to know them at Leipsic. I purposely opposed you to them on that day—I believed that Pappenheim's cuirassiers were invincible, but that affair taught me otherwise."

Pappenheim, who had come to Tilly with the firm purpose to part in peace with his old General, affected not to hear his last bitter words, and was silent.

"Will you accompany me, Count, to the muster of the Lotharingians?" said Tilly, turning the discourse.

"I thank you," replied Pappenheim, "but I saw enough of them yesterday to destroy all wish to inspect more narrowly the crowd of rabble hastily gathered together, which consume the

money both of the Emperor and of the Spanish Crown. In very truth, Count Tilly, two Swedish regiments would just hunt the whole of this Duke's armada across the Rhine again."

"And with such troops I am to oppose the victorious Gustavus," exclaimed Tilly, with indignation.

"Have you not the old regiments brought to you? have you not still ten thousand men, the remains of your old army? are not the regiments which Fugger has brought from Bavaria, and those which have joined you from the Rhine, well equipped troops, and in physical strength, and armature, superior to the Swedes? Inspire them only with that spirit of confidence which so elevates the worth of man, and you head an invincible army; 'tis the mind, the spirit, that effects great things, not bodily powers or gigantic strength."

Tilly listened to these words with a feeling of pleasure, for they called to his mind himself and his deeds, and his eye glanced over Pappenheim's vigorous form.

"Get rid of the priests," continued Pappenheim. "So long as one can induce the multi-

tudes to dare the enemies' bullets under their ægis, so long and no longer do they profit us. The fanatic crowd allows itself to be driven by them to death, like a flock by its shepherd to the pasture; but when the veil is rent, as chanced to us at Leipsig, then the meanest soldier sees that he fights for his master, and not for his God, and then they are troublesome companions, and with their prayers and admonitions only tend to dispirit men's hearts, and not to strengthen them."

"Pappenheim," interrupted Tilly in a reproachful tone.

"But if," the latter continued, "you will yet suffer a host of Capucins and Dominicans in your army, and Jesuits about your person, then in the next action place them in front of your regiments: let them lead on the soldiers with the Cross against the foe, and I will warrant no Colonel in your host will so surely lead his men to victory as these cowled gentry. In such moments the soldier looks on them as saints, and follows them with blind devotion; but far better send them hence, they profit not

about your person, and still less in your army."

"Count Pappenheim," said Tilly, and in his tone there was no bitterness, but much honest solicitude; "this day we are to part—you, north, and I, east; and it may well be, that in this world 'tis our last farewell, and that it may not also be eternal, and that in the world to which we both are hastening, we may meet in kindliness, oblivious of all past variance. I pray you lay my last words to heart, for, in truth, they spring from a heart only full of kindly wishes. You are in the right course to become a denier of your God; angry with Providence because fortune deserted you at Leipsic. You fancy you can rely upon yourself alone, and unassisted from above, tread the path of laurelled glory; because Heaven has once deserted you, you would also forsake Heaven, and act therein—forgive the old man the comparison—like the pettish boy who whipped the waves when they swallowed up the stone which he would fain have had glide over them. You seek in your

own heart what you should seek above, and will not find it. You believe you are giving yourself up to self-reliance, when 'tis to desperation. You see in me an old grey-headed man, whose last staff, by which he held himself upright, was broken at the field of Leipsic, and who is now tottering dejectedly to his grave, and this old grey-beard calls to you in warning tones—be a man, Pappenheim. You have lost the genuine spirit of courage, that which springs from Faith. From me, one unlucky day has rent the fruits of many bloody ones, and to me they are lost without hope of recal."

With painful emotion, he continued:

"I have been obliged to sacrifice the earthly to the earth, and in humility I do it, while I yet possess the heavenly; for know, Pappenheim, should the belief forsake me, that I have striven for the cause of God and his religion, I should wander in madness over the short space between me and the grave. Millions of tears and sighs, and woe, woe were with me; and, despairing of my salvation, I could only look shuddering into the dread abyss. But, in Faith, I can go be-

fore my Judge with comfort. If I have overstepped my duty, and have, perchance, in so doing, shed blood unprofitably, I can hope His mercy will forgive my human failings."

"Count Tilly," said Pappenheim, as the old man now ceased, and his eye rested with an almost supplicating expression upon the vigorous soldier, "do you in truth feel thus? does no cry of woe from thousands hang round your deathward path? Can you, in perfect confidence, meet your Judge?" and he cast a piercing glance upon the old man, who seemed shaken by his emotions, and lost in deep reflection.

"Oft, full oft," he suddenly exclaimed, "full oft, Count Pappenheim, does a voice, as you have now done, speak to me, and raise my doubts, and oft I tremble at its tone; but quickly do I feel that it is the tempter's voice, and my faith stands firmer than before. Soon must old Tilly sink into his grave, perchance, if God so will it, upon the battle-field; but still, in Death's dread hour, will he cry out to Heaven, 'Lord, I have acted according to Thy will, receive me into Thy bosom,'

and so will I pass hence in joyous hope. Well will it be with you, if you can do the same!

"But, Field-Marshal," said he suddenly turning the discourse, while the old ironical smile which was peculiar to him, played around his lips, "we are wandering from the matter in hand. What more I have to say to you is little. Busy the Lünebergers and Hessians, and if possible, also the Weimar Princes, so that they cannot move to aid the King, and your commission is fulfilled. If I can help you in this, either with men or money, be sure that no petty egotism shall restrain me therefrom; and, as I feel a foreboding that this will be our last earthly meeting, I forgive you with all my heart, even that you were the cause of the Battle of Leipsic. May victory wait upon you, 'tis for the good of our Faith. Left to your own resources, endeavour to fetter it to your steps."

"Farewell, then Count Tilly," said Pappenheim, grasping the old man's hand; "much and deeply would I sorrow to leave you did I not hope to see you yet again in joy. Set upon the Swede, wherever you find him. Nought

but a victory brings back what you have lost. Farewell."

Tilly embraced him warmly, and thus they parted, ne'er in life to meet again.

CHAPTER II.

THINGS had now begun to wear a more friendly aspect in Halberstadt, where Adolph Hohendorf had remained behind after the Duke's departure, busied with the organization of the two regiments. Anna, if possible, had become more earnest and serious than before, through the occurrences which had taken place with La Croix. The speech of Duke William had, however, struck deep; and in her solitary hours, she pondered much over the meaning of his words; it appeared as if this event of her life had not been without its effects upon her, with regard to what had passed.

Clara, since her sudden departure from Halberstadt, was much changed, and seemed to cling to Adolph Hohendorf, with undissembled affection. During her abode in Weimar, the noble Princess had treated the orphan girl so kindly, that she soon gained her entire confidence; and her peculiar fate had awakened general sympathy. It was an easy task to the plain simple character of the Duchess, to which all exaggeration was foreign, to turn Clara's over-excited spirit into a right and tranquil course; and as she soon perceived the maiden's feelings towards Hohendorf, this new affection, which had sprung up from that which had vanished, now shot forth its buds afresh, and she considered it a duty to favour it, and to set aside the obstacles which Clara's over-strained phantasy might otherwise throw in the way of her inclinations. As time wore on the maiden again begun to feel that she still belonged to this life, and that, in the singular resemblance in form and disposition, fate had made good, what it had deprived her of—the name alone was changed; from the moment when she no longer saw in Adolph's

presence the shade of her lost lover, covered with wounds, and when little by little, the past and present had melted into one, love again breathed the rose upon her cheeks and joy into her heart; and the calm, gentle maiden, stood before her lover like a lily, which in the glow of morning raises its drooping head, washed and refreshed by the early dew, to blossom in renewed beauty. The lovers no longer disguised their feelings, and they urged Max and Hedwig also to disperse the self-created clouds which they had allowed to envelope the sun of their existence.

Hedwig's heart, in which love for Moritz Trausdorf had only existed as a duty not painful to fulfil, had already long felt that death had released her from this tie, and time had alike worn out the pictures of the old quiet life in Magdeburg, as well as the horrors of his death. The ardent feelings of her heart were aroused, love beamed in her eyes, and her heart's secret was only half concealed by her feelings of maidenly reserve. Hohendorf, who gazed in her gentle eyes, as in those of a beatified Madonna, who, like a being belonging

both to earth and heaven, seemed to lay his wishes before the throne of the Highest, felt only fear that he was unworthy of her; and that the variable inconstant lot which would bind the happiness of her life to a soldier's fortunes, whom the hard times drove with their stormy wings from north to south, and from east to west, could not satisfy her; and now when his wounds were nearly healed, his injured leg told him full often that his soldier's course was over, and that the day of Leipsic had set a limit to his career; and that he ought now to retire to his home, and there sweeten life's remaining days with a true and loving wife. Then he sighed and thought of his Hedwig (for, alas! she was a heretic, and devoted to Lutheranism, with a faithful and believing heart); ought he to take her to his home upon the Lech, where the enthusiasm of the priesthood threatened pains and trials to all followers of that faith; and when the soft voice of toleration spoke within him, and he felt that to an angel like Hedwig, heaven's portals could not be closed, yet did the thought ever bring anxiety, lest the difference of faith, and the state of religion in

his fatherland, might bring injurious consequences to his domestic happiness. But what avail the feeble doubts of reason against the mighty pleadings of passion? each day love developed its magic powers more and more; and when the surgeon one day pronounced that Hohendorf would never again entirely recover the use of his leg, and Max, at these words, looked sadly upon his sword, which had long hung idly beside his couch, and now was like to rest for ever, Adolph broke the oppressive silence.

"Go back to our fatherland," said he, with emotion; "let thy sword rest, and leave the strife to me; so shall two loving hearts meet no more as enemies. God has decided which of us shall henceforth be the soldier. On one day let us go to the altar—dally no longer with your anxious scruples; look at your Hedwig's gentle eye, and read its voice of devotion and of love." Hohendorf silently gave his hand to Hedwig, who pressed it to her heart.

"We," continued Adolph, drawing Clara nearer to him, "we, my Clara, when these set forth upon their peaceful path, will wander forth

united and full of courage on our wild and unsteady course; nor shall the storms of life, or the wild calls of war, or the ever near and threatening glance of death, terrify us, or hinder us from drinking from our cup of love. We will be happy in the sunshine while it lasts, and never think of stormy clouds which may arise in the horizon of fate to dim the brightness of our skies. On one day let us, with Max and Hedwig, draw near to the altar, and that soon; in these stormy times a man should grasp his happiness boldly and quickly, lest with the passing hour it escape him."

"So be it as thou hast said," replied Max. "As soon as I can leave my couch, and if thou my Hedwig, dost consent, let the blessing of the venerable parents of the departed Moritz accompany us to the altar."

A soft "I will," a gentle pressure of the hand, gave Hohendorf assurance of his happiness, and the aged couple joyfully bestowed their blessing upon them.

CHAPTER III.

After parting from Tilly, Pappenheim had gone to the Elector of Cologne, and there, as in Flanders and the Liegeois territories, had established recruiting stations, and given out commissions for raising men; and he was in hopes of leaving this (strengthened by several regiments) for his destination in Westphalia and Lower Saxony, where Count Gronsfeld maintained himself with difficulty in the fortresses against the advancing Hessians, and the Duke of Lüneberg, when he received intelligence of the siege of Magdeburg by Banner. Neglecting all other considerations, he left Cologne, and accompanied by only a few officers,

hastened to Hameln, on the Weser, where Gronsfeld had his head-quarters. Here the situation of the army, over which he was to have command, and which was distributed by companies in the villages, for the sake of subsistence, was as little consoling as the accounts which he received from Magdeburg, to the siege of which place Banner and Hamilton had advanced with the Scottish brigade. However, his active mind soon found means of action. He withdrew the garrisons from all the smaller towns, the fortifications of which he partially destroyed, maintained on the Weser only Hameln and Nienburg, and in Lower Saxony, only Wolfenbüttel, Göttingen, and Duderstadt, and thus he got together some seven thousand old veteran troops, to whom were joined about two thousand of the new levies; with this force he advanced, increasing their numbers daily, by the aid of his wide-spread renown, to Wolfenbüttel, where he found the necessary cannon in readiness, and then marched straight on to Magdeburg.

A capitulation was upon the point of being signed between Mannsfeld and Banner, who had closely invested this fortress; when Manns-

feld, who had given up all hope of relief, received accounts that Pappenheim was advancing, and had already reached Schöningen: he broke off the negotiations at once, while Banner, uncertain of the strength of Pappenheim's army, raised the siege, and retreated to Calbe.

Formerly Pappenheim had forced his way into Magdeburg as a conqueror, now he entered its ruins as a liberator.

Mannsfeld received him with distinguished courtesy, and made him many compliments upon his rapid march, which he returned in the like fashion, and they parted as apparent friends.

After Pappenheim had arranged various matters, regarding the pursuit of Banner, he returned back to Mannsfeld's quarters. Here he found the officers of the garrison of Magdeburg, the General of cavalry, Vanderneers, Colonel Benninghausen, and Lichtenstein, who, as well as his own officers, had been invited to dinner. In his suite were none of his old comrades, except Gronsfeld, who seldom agreed with him. His faithful Holk, since the muster at Halberstadt, was offended, and had joined Wallenstein, at Znaim, on the first sum-

mons. Erwitte, who had been so devoted to him, had been slain at Lepsic, and those only who had been lying in quarters in Westphalia and Lower Saxony, such as Colonels Kleiner, Göltsh, and Brener, who knew him and his reputation as a soldier merely by name, were about him.

Count Mannsfeld had prepared a sumptuous banquet, and the various courses were borne up by richly clothed domestics, while the noble wines in abundance, foamed in goblets of silver and crystal. At the fourth course the Count arose from his seat, and signed to an officer who was standing at a window.

"Sirs," said he, "before we empty our beakers to the health of the noble Count Pappenheim, it is becoming to drink prosperity to our Lord the Emperor, and his Generalissimo, and therefore, gentlemen, drain your foaming cups, to the health of our Illustrious Lord and Emperor his Majesty Ferdinand the Second!"

So saying, he emptied his cup amid the sound of trumpets and cymbals, while the assembled officers did the same, and three salvos from sixty cannon thundered from the walls.

Pappenheim smiled.

"My Lord Field-Marshal," said he, while the guests filled their goblets afresh, "the next toast is to be our Generalissimo."

"May I inquire which you mean, the Duke of Friedland or Count Tilly?"

"Count Tilly," answered Mannsfeld, indignantly; "for, as far as I am aware, the Friedlander is merely raising the army, which Tilly is to command."

"You are in error, Count," said Pappenheim, interrupting him; "Wallenstein has resumed the command, under the most brilliant conditions; the Imperial regiments are joining him, and only Fiermont and Lichtenstein remain under my command. So says a letter which I received from him early to day from Znaim."

Mannsfeld's brow contracted still more.

"Therefore, sirs and comrades," continued Pappenheim, turning to the officers, "to the prosperity of both commanders, so equal in desert and glory!"

Whether by chance or purposely, Mannsfeld must have given the sign, for again the cannon thundered, in compliment to this toast.

"Somewhat too much honour," continued Pappenheim, when every one had re-seated themselves; "this belongs to crowned heads alone. But, Count Mannsfeld," he continued, addressing him in a cutting tone, "what can have induced you, to be about to sign a capitulation? from the state of your table, you could not have wanted for provisions, nor yet ammunition; for, in very truth, the cannons have thundered enough in compliment to our toasts to have destroyed half of Banner's army."

"For that, I must account to my Lord the Emperor, and not to you, Count Pappenheim," answered Mannsfeld.

"Do that," interrupted the latter, "do that Count Mannsfeld; for had I come but a day later, Banner and Hamilton might have sat where we do, and have toasted the health of Sweden's King; and, in good truth, Banner would have saved his powder to salute me, instead of blazing it away in drinking healths. I like not cannonading without shot."

"I beg of you, my Lord Field-Marshal," returned Mannsfeld, "to consider that what has been done, was in compliment to his Impe-

rial Majesty; and further, that you are here my guest."

"You are in the right," said Pappenheim apologetically; "the soldier forgot that he was sitting at the table of his host, as in war-time too oft he does;" and without further excuse, he addressed himself to Benninghausen, and began to speak with him about an expedition to Halberstadt, as if nothing had occurred; and without drinking Pappenheim's health, the banquet was brought to an end.

The next day Pappenheim despatched a detachment, under Gronsfeld, to Gommern; and some days later, went himself towards Barby, to see if Banner would show him a front. This General had intrenched himself at Calbe, and here steadily awaited Duke William of Weimar, who was assembling his troops at Erfurt for his relief. Pappenheim plundered Barby and Gommern, and then drew back his army to Magdeburg, without being followed by Banner.

He delayed several days in the ruined city without undertaking anything new. He caused the few horses to be brought in from around Magdeburg, and made all his arrangements so

entirely according to his own pleasure, that under these circumstances Count Mannsfeld would no longer remain, and accordingly left the town within the first few days.

The most serviceable cannon, as many as he could carry away, Pappenheim sent forward to Wolfenbüttel; the rest he caused to be spiked, or thrown into the Elbe, and made it quite evident, that deeming the town useless as a mere heap of ruins, he was about to leave it, and take its garrison to reinforce his army. All requisite measures were taken; no cannon remained upon the ramparts. The powder remaining in store was placed in readiness to blow up the chief bastions. The insignificant magazines were given up to the soldiery, and everything prepared for burning the houses which had been rebuilt, as well as the wooden barracks of the soldiers. The morrow was fixed for the departure, as Duke William was on the advance towards Halberstadt, whence he could easily effect a junction with Banner. The flames were once more destined to rage over Magdeburg.

On the evening before this terrible repetition of the 20th of May, Pappenheim, deep in his

reflections, was seated alone in his chamber. The elevation of Wallenstein to the command; and the progress of Gustavus Adolphus, who, like a rushing mountain torrent, was pouring his forces over southern Germany; the temporising measures of Tilly, who, since the battle of Leipsic, had, through the undecided orders of Maximilian of Bavaria become more uncertain in his plans; all these things busied his mind. He weighed existing circumstances against each other, and felt clearly, that so long as Wallenstein was at the head of the Imperialists, and Tilly commanded the army of the League, he could only hope to play a subordinate roll; even supposing that the circle of operations committed to him in Lower Saxony and Westphalia afforded a sufficient field for his ambition. He was so deeply wrapt, that he did not notice when the door opened, and a youth entered, who approached his seat, and in a low, hesitating voice, called:

"Count Pappenheim!"

As he repeated his address in a louder tone,

Pappenheim started suddenly up, calling out in a rough voice:

"Who is there?"

And Anna stood before him.

Pappenheim, astonished at seeing before him the maiden for whose presence he had often that day longed, received her cordially and kindly.

"Thou art welcome, Anna," he said, regarding her slender and well-formed figure, "thou art heartily welcome; thou dost appear to me like a good angel to arouse me from gloomy visions; but in truth," said he, while he looked deeply into her eyes, "thou hast grown fairer than ever, Anna; thy cheeks glow like roses, and thine eyes glitter like the stars in heaven."

"Oh, be silent, Count Pappenheim," besaught she, "address not to me these words of compliment, to lead my heart to folly; these stars belong not to heaven, and the rose is but a broken one. Release me, press me not to your heart; the fires glancing from your eyes bring no comfort to my heart; they but light up before me the dark path of the past, and that should be veiled from my sight. Release me,

Pappenheim," and extricating herself from his arms, she withdrew to a short distance from him. "I come," she then continued, whilst a gloomy earnestness spread over her whole bearing, "I come to you in confidence, to unburden my mind, and seek counsel. Listen to me, and kindly, and do not chide me, that I intrude myself and my fate into the serious and weighty business of your life. Give me your hand in kindness."

Pappenheim extended his hand to her, they seated themselves, and she now calmly commenced to relate to him the occurrences with La Croix; but when she came to the threat, by which he had compelled her to attend him to the church, she grew more vehement, and her eyes flashed wildly; even Pappenheim sprung up and grasped his sword involuntarily. When she came to the instant when he wound the bridal wreath into her hair, her eyes filled with tears.

"He—he placed the wreath upon my head," she cried, and it was some time before she could compose herself. As she repeated the words of Duke William, she stopped and

looked thoughtfully before her, and then turning to Pappenheim she said, in a sad and solemn tone: "Those words so true, and which yet wounded me so fearfully, have penetrated deep into my heart, and will never die; they have robbed my nights of sleep and changed my days into waking dreams, and have excited in my breast an inward contest which never since has ceased. Yes, I feel it, the Duke was right: I have gone astray from my appointed path, and I have met with men in my course," she added, hesitatingly, "who, disregardful of my woman's feelings, have made me miserable, instead of happy."

She was silent, while Pappenheim regarded her with kindly sympathy.

"Can I yet retrace my steps?" cried she, suddenly. "Can I again find the right path, or is it for ever closed to my searching eyes? or still pursuing the way once entered upon, shall I follow the inward urgings of my heart, which would lead me, with a dagger in my hand, to avenge myself upon the villain? Should I mount a horse and seek him out and slay him at my feet? oh! counsel me, Pappenheim."

She had sprung up as she uttered these words; her eye rolled wildly, her bosom heaved, and she stretched her hand out violently towards Pappenheim, who looked upon her in gloomy surprise. "Now, then, 'tis well," she said coldly, "your look is my answer; the soft, yielding Anna, with a tearful eye and mute suffering in her agonised bosom, while desperation is raging in her broken heart, is dearer—is more attractive to you than, when sensible of her wretchedness, crying out in her anguish, she nears you, and wrestles with fate for the poor luxury of vengeance. Be patient, bear with me yet awhile, and, Pappenheim, thou shalt again see me gentle and yielding once more; once the deed is done, and I have avenged you and myself upon this wretch, then, gracious God!" she exclaimed, and raised her folded hands to heaven, "then do I swear to bear in patience whatsoever Thou dost lay upon me; then will I creep through life drooping and penitent, and with a smile of joy will I bear my burden cheerfully to the grave."

"Anna," interrupted Pappenheim, "pray not—devote not thyself to the Spirit there above.

He hears—He regards thee not. Thou art less to Him than the worm which the charging horseman tramples under his charger's feet on the day of battle—uncared for by him. Thou mayest be crushed without his marking it. I myself once deemed these gates stood open to me; that I was a child of Heaven, chosen to wield His sword, to work in His harvest, to mow down thousands to His honour; and I, too, fancied that, under such a banner, I was invincible, and seven times did I renew the fight, but Pappenheim's cuirassiers fled, and bore me with them in their flight; and then did I recognize the truth, that it had been good fortune which had ever led me to victory, and the spirit within me which had given me courage and energy to do the deeds before which thousands trembled. Devote not thyself to Him above; He hears thee not."

As the dark clouds roll off after a storm, and the friendly light of the sun breaks forth in the pure blue firmament, even so had the wild storm of passion vanished from Anna's face; and soft and mild as a spirit from above, did she look on Pappenheim, who, striving

angrily with his Almighty Lord, stood casting dark looks towards heaven.

"Pappenheim!" said she, grasping his hand, warmly, "you terrify me. If I have turned aside from my course on earth, and if passion has lured me on to my destruction, yet have I turned my eye—my heart towards God. Woe! woe to him, who, proud in self-reliance, deems that he can stand alone without faith in Him. Woe to him, for his earthly course is short, and beyond the grave is eternity. Turn again from your error—return to the faith which religion ever implants in the human breast—to faith in the Omnipotence, and goodness in the mercy of your God. He it was bade me tear the poisoned goblet from your grasp, and plucked the dagger from my hands, which I would have turned against myself. 'Tis *He* who makes me tremble, if I dare to raise my arm for vengeance. He it is who alone raises man above his fate. Oh! turn to Him, that He may return into your heart."

"He has deserted me," returned Pappenheim, doggedly and sternly.

"Oh! hear my voice," cried the maiden,

throwing herself at his feet; "hear it, and seek pity from above. Methinks there is many a heavy debt against thee there—many a tear, and many a curse—heap up the burden then no more. Return to God, who received your father to His bosom, when he closed his eyes. Trust, oh trust in God, and not in thyself. Yes, Pappenheim," cried she, springing up, "I love thee, and would win thy soul to heaven, that we, who are parted here, may yet again meet there above. Hear the voice of an unhappy one, who has lost all on earth, except alone her faith in God's mercy."

"Singular being," said Pappenheim, somewhat moved by Anna's gentle tone, "singular being, who dost so wonderfully unite love and hate, faith and despair, within thy breast; who dost love me with unchanging faith, and yet dost shudder back from my embrace; who with thy look fixed upon heaven, yet hast vengeance in thy heart and eye; unriddle thyself, I understand thee not."

"Do I understand myself?" answered Anna, "can I solve the riddle of my inward feelings? can I declare the magic which attracts me to

you, or the source from which the shudder springs which seizes me? would you embrace me? and because I cannot, because I feel my nothingness, I turn to Him who is Almighty to sustain me, is all-merciful to have compassion on me."

"And what wilt thou now do?" asked Pappenheim, after a long pause, "whither wilt thou wander henceforth? wilt thou cast off entirely the thirst for vengeance? then will I take it upon myself: or wilt thou steadfastly pursue, the stern dark path that leads thee to thine aim?"

"I would fain the first," answered Anna, "but can I? It drives me on like a leaf borne on the wings of the storm—who can withstand their weakness? I feel compelled to follow my gloomy destiny, which leads me from my proper path. The words of the Saxon Duke could wake me out of sleep, but have no power to make me follow them."

"Then follow me, be with me ever," interrupted Pappenheim quickly.

"Go with thee? as thy protecting angel, or

as a destroying spirit? For the first I have not the angel's purity, for the last I am not fiend enough. No, Count Pappenheim, did the glory fall from my head, I yet gathered its scattered beams within my heart, and that with help from heaven. The mad, the foolish Anna, could fall; the reflecting woman stands upright again. See," said she, with fervour and nestled closer to him, "that I love thee warmly, truly; know that this love can only render me unhappy, yet cannot shake it off; that this is the torment, anguish of my life, but it is my martyrdom also, and God will some day let it rest in the balance of His mercy, and for this my anguish here will forgive my faults above; and that I can so stand before thee, Pappenheim, that, that is the pride that holds me steadfast and upright. Farewell," said she, after a pause, "I have seen thee again, have laid open my heart unto thee, and that is enough. Shouldst thou meet La Croix earlier than I, then think not of thy revenge alone, remember also mine, and in his dying hour, whisper in his ear my name. Farewell, turn thyself to God, and be humane towards those of my faith."

Ere Pappenheim could return her farewell she had vanished.

* * * *

Anna's words were fruitless, the next morning the storm-wind drove the flames crackling over the wasted ruins of the town; and as Pappenheim passed through Olvenstädt, shock upon shock groaned upon the air, as the bastions were blown up, devasted, totally destroyed, even to the glorious cathedral, which this time also defied the flames amid the surrounding buildings, its fortifications shattered. Magdeburg was now a thorough wreck.

CHAPTER IV.

When the departure of the Imperialists from Magdeburg was known, and certain information received, that General Banner had marched in and occupied the place with three companies, and had given orders to restore the fortifications as quickly as possible, there was a general rejoicing in Halberstadt. Banner had also summoned the inhabitants to return to their homes and resettle themselves. On this information, the old Trausdorf resolved as soon as the rough weather would allow of it to revisit the remains of his home; and when Anna in the evening again entered, having made her journey to Magdeburg without imparting it to

any one, cheerfulness was restored in the family. Hohendorf also had left his couch. However, this pleasing state of things was not destined to last long. The order arrived that the garrison should break up and join at Wernigerode the army of Duke William, who wished to effect a junction with Banner at Osterwick; but few days had now to elapse before separation, and Adolph Hohendorf, who was unwilling longer to delay his happiness, fixed the third day from that for its consummation. Max also began to feel that it would be foolish not to secure his own, and he also resolved that the bands of marriage should unite himself and Hedwig on the same day, and then he purposed to retire with his wife and Anna to the home of his fathers.

Hohendorf, who had for some time been convinced that his wounds received in the battle of Leipsic had rendered him unfit for active service, had shortly before written to Pappenheim, to Magdeburg, to inform him thereof, and to beg him in case he returned with Hedwig and her family to Bavaria, to intercede for him with the Elector. Pappenheim had returned a

friendly answer, had approved of his resolution, not however without expressing his regret that his most loyal comrade could not again be able to fight by his side. "Maximilian," so the letter concluded, "the stain of Leipsic must soon be wiped out, wherefore canst thou not then be by my side?"

The day was now settled, and a spirit of happiness seemed to have descended upon them all. Nothing now seemed to stand in the way of their union. Even Anna, who was so distant from the aim of her own wishes, seemed to sympathise with their delight, and the calmness that beamed in her eyes in no way betrayed the stern resolution that was growing up within.

Thus did the eve of the happy day draw on. The news had spread through the town—Adolph Hohendorf, the Major of the Weimar Infantry, was so loved and honoured; Max Hohendorf also lived in the recollections of many, through all, which, as Pappenheim's favourite, he had effected for the good of the town; and the former fate of the family was too generally known not to awaken common

and general sympathy. The nuptial eve, that important eve before the marriage, asserted its right; and Aunt Cunegunda had, with many a sigh, enough to do to satisfy with meat and drink the throngs of youths and maidens who came to do it honour. The lovers were sitting arm in arm in the lower apartment, as if they would prepare themselves, amid the clamour of the joyous young people, to meet hand in hand the storms of life. A solitary lamp lighted but faintly the room, and sweet dreams of the future hovered round the lovers, who sat silently, forgetting all but each other.

Anna sat silently near them, and as she looked sadly on the happy souls, a tear rolled down her cheek, and she thought of her own destroyed happiness. The old people were sitting hand in hand in an embrasure of a window, discussing the little house, which was again to be reared upon the spot where the house of their fathers had stood. Sedulously, as if the spring of life was still fresh within them, were they employed in sowing seed for the distant future. Already did they arrange

all things, replant the little garden before the Sudenburg Gate with trees and bushes, as before, building airy castles with the enthusiasm of children.

"And when we have arranged all," said the old man, "and all again is as before—"

"Then will we go to our own rest," said his wife, interrupting him, and the dreams of happiness had fled. "For whom shall we have built, and ordered all?" she cried, with tears, "for whom?"

And as her husband, kindly pressing her hand, and answered, in a subdued voice: "Trust in God, good Barbara," the door was opened, and a man rushed into the room.

"Father! mother!" cried he, and Moritz Trausdorf was in their arms.

At the sudden entrance of a stranger, Clara and Hedwig had sprung up affrighted. At the cry of "Father! mother!" Hedwig fell senseless into Hohendorf's arms, whilst Anna quickly seized the lamp, and held it towards his face.

"Truly the grave hath given up its dead!"

she exclaimed, with a shudder, "and the rough hand of fate still unsparingly bears upon the heart of a saint. Poor Hedwig!" continued she, turning to her, who, again recovering, drew a deep breath. "My poor sister!"

At this exclamation, Moritz Trausdorf extricated himself from the arms of his weeping parents, and approached Hedwig, who looked at him fixedly, as if he had been a spirit.

"Tremble not before me," he said, with emotion, "I come not to be your enemy. May God bless you, and grant you happiness!" He spoke these words in a low, faltering voice, and extended his trembling hand

Silence reigned in the apartment. Even breathing seemed suspended, the rising sigh remained suppressed in the labouring breast. The hand of fate lay heavy upon all.

Hedwig, now disengaging herself from Hohendorf's arms kindly extended her hand to Moritz, saying:

"You are welcome home, Moritz Trausdorf," and while she spoke, the pallid youth, softly pressing the offered hand, regarded her with an earnest look.

"Fare thee well! my life's happiness," said he, with emotion, let her hand loose, and was about to go, but stood, as if rooted to the spot, his looks bent on Hedwig, whose knees tottered.

"Come, my daughter," said the mother, anxiously. "Come, my pious child." She took her arm, and led her out.

Max Hohendorf was about to follow, but Moritz stayed him.

"Sir!" said he, with a firm voice, "I have not come here to disturb your happiness, for mine it can be no more. Tell this to your Hedwig, and do not chide me that I have saddened this your day of joy. My longing to see my parents was too great, and I was, moreover, bound by an oath to come among you this day. Comfort Hedwig—tranquillise her."

Max answered by a friendly pressure.

"I have not known you earlier," said Adolph, now addressing Moritz, who cast a searching glance at him, as if he thought he must have known him; "and though you have, in some sort, broken in upon the happiness of

this day, and have not a little frightened myself, my brother Hohendorf, and my bride," (he took Clara's hand) "I yet bid you heartily welcome, for you are a brave and honest man, as your every word testifies."

"Let me also welcome you, Herr Trausdorf," said Clara, drawing near.

"Clara Weyler," said Moritz, looking hard at her; "are you Herr Hohendorf's betrothed?"

"Even so," returned the latter.

Moritz smiled sadly, pressed his hand upon his heart, approached his father, and said, in a low tone:

"I see that time changes all things."

Adolph left the room with Clara, who had been much moved by Moritz's appearance, and still more by his surprise; his presence recalled the lively image of the past. The mother, urged by eagerness to see her son, returned happy in recovering her lost, her beloved child, she pressed him to her heart. Old Margaret followed her. Every one caressed him. Anna alone stood apart, and seemed to take no part in their pleasure.

"And now inform us, my dear son," said his mother, after placing a seat for him, "inform us now, how things have gone with thee, how thou wert rescued, and whence thou now dost come."

Moritz appeared to collect his thoughts before answering, and not until the question was repeated, did he begin, having first taken his parents' hands.

"The pike of a Walloon stretched me upon the ramparts of my birthplace; I heard the wild clash of war around me, and the last thoughts of my departing senses were yours, my beloved parents, and Hedwig's. The flame of life flickered up again; I opened my eyes; Hohendorf stood before me. I believe I besought him to aid Hedwig—but I remember nought clearly; my eyes closed again; my senses left me, and when I again awoke from this death-like sleep, I found myself upon a soft bed, in a litter. I was carried by peasants, and about me rode Imperial cuirassiers, who regarded me with dark and evil looks; behind me followed a waggon loaded with all kinds of costly plunder; upon this was seated a little

man, whom I found to be a surgeon; for when he saw me open my eyes, he caused the carriage to stop, felt my pulse, and said, in a kindly tone: 'Youth is powerful; all will soon be well; be not alarmed, young Sir,' and we then proceeded. The bearers were frequently changed, and I could not understand the care which the enemy into whose hands I had fallen seemed to take of me.

"In the evening I saw the towers of Wolfenbüttel before me, which town we soon reached. Here I was taken to the house of a substantial citizen, and the little man who daily dressed my wound, was as careful as he was silent; for though so sedulously attentive to my tending and welfare, he would answer none of my questions, except that I learned from him, at last, that Magdeburg was no more. As my wound began to heal, and I gained strength, I was placed in strict confinement, and though every comfort, and food and drink were amply provided, I was strictly watched. Here I remained several weeks, separated from every living soul, and without accounts of either you or Hedwig.

"At last, it might be five months back, my prison was opened, and the same Reiters who had brought me hither, with many more, both horse and foot, wild, licentious-looking companions, took me in the midst of them; several carriages, with every kind of arms and stores, followed, and thus we left Wolfenbüttel for Hornburg; from hence we turned to the Harz, plunging ever deeper into the forest, by the way of Neustadt. At night we rested in the open air, and early in the morning continued our journey, and towards evening we came to a large tank in the forest, which they called the Oder Tank; around it were spread the wild warriors; one of them led me to a hut, at one end of the tank, and I entered. Conceive my astonishment, when Hauptmann La Croix, whom I had known at Magdeburg, came smiling to meet me, crying, 'Welcome, Moritz Trausdorf, welcome back from the grave!' I scarcely dared to trust my senses, when I learned from him that he had caused me to be tended, and cured, and brought to Wolfenbüttel; I could not unriddle his benevolent design, and the less that I still remained strictly

watched day and night, and was always taken with the band to and fro, through the forest of the Harz.

"At length I was brought to an old castle, upon a high hill in one of the windings of the Bode, near Elbingerode, and there watched as a prisoner. I abode here a long time, until I was taken from thence to Halberstadt, which, however, I was again caused to leave in a few days. My conductors—the same who had brought me from Magdeburg to Wolfenbüttel, and had attended me ever since—told me, as we were leaving the town amid the sound of bell-ringing, that their Major, La Croix, was then leading his bride to the altar, and to the chance question of who the damsel might be, I learned that it was Anna, Hedwig's sister, who had become his wife."

"Thou dost speak falsely!" here cried Anna, interrupting the narrator, who had not marked that she was present; "I ne'er became the villain's wife! if it were so, could I live?"

"Calm thyself," said the mother; "he only tells us what he was told."

"And didst thou learn nought of us—not even that we lived here?" asked his father.

"I believed you dead; so had La Croix, who sometimes came to the old castle, told me; he also told me of Hedwig, that she still lived, and still loved me, but was held in the same restraint by Hohendorf as I myself by him, at the command of Pappenheim, and at Hohendorf's desire. I had not, however, seen him for a long time, when he came to me yesterday, and brought me information that you were alive, and dwelling in Halberstadt, and that he would set me free, on my giving him a solemn promise to present myself this very day before you in Halberstadt.

"My longing to see you again—my joy to find you were alive, induced me to make the promise whose secret mischief I could not see through. I was released from confinement; one of my guards accompanied me, disguised as a peasant; and after we had passed Derenburg, as far as which he was to conduct me, the whole bearing of my wild crabbed guide seemed to be changed. He did not, as he had been ordered, leave me,

but confessed that the trade of highway robbery, which he was now compelled to practise, was repugnant to him, and that he would leave the godless band and return to honest colours again, and he begged of me to intercede for him with Hohendorf. From him, the trustiest of La Croix's servants, I now learned the whole tangled web of his wickedness: how he had rescued me out of hatred to Hohendorf, and had kept me concealed until the decisive moment. I also learned that Hedwig was lost to me; and I was uncertain whether to come to Halberstadt to-day or to-morrow, when the bells should have sounded over the grave of my happiness, and throw myself into your arms; but my longing desire to see you was too great, and I felt bound by my promise, and the firm determination not to disturb Hedwig's peace strengthened me; and thus I am once more amongst you—in money, goods, and happiness, a beggar, but still rich, in that I can once more clasp you in my arms, and cry, 'My father and my mother yet alive!'—and Hedwig also," he added, softly.

CHAPTER V.

When the following morning the bells rung out, and Adolph Hohendorf, with Clara, accompanied by Trausdorf and his wife, and Moritz and Anna, went to the cathedral, and the old pastor blessed them, and united them in the bonds of eternal love, Hohendorf was lying at home upon a bed of sickness. Hedwig sat beside him. The sound of the bells, which should have summoned her also to the altar, awakened in her oppressive feelings, and she stood in need of all her energy to stand stedfast and to raise her trusting looks to Heaven.

Max's wound had opened in the night, pro-

bably from the anxiety occasioned by the occurrences of the foregone evening, and a heavy loss of blood had so exhausted him, that he was obliged to keep his bed.

But not this circumstance alone had presented an obstacle to his happiness: Hedwig's eyes also expressed a gentle entreaty which Hohendorf well understood; and thus the chiming of the bells that should have called them to the altar, became the warning of happiness delayed.

Resigned to her fate, and trusting in her God, to whom she put up her silent prayers, Hedwig was far more tranquil than Max, in whom many contending feelings had been aroused; he could not be angry with Moritz Trausdorf, but yet his image ever seemed to step between him and Hedwig as an intruder. It is true that Moritz had solemnly renounced all claim to Hedwig's hand, but even this hurt Hohendorf's pride, for he would fain not have had to thank another for the happiness which he fancied he had wrestled for and had gained for himself.

Even in Hedwig's glance when it rested upon Moritz there seemed to be a sympathy, which to

be sure only arose from compassion; but the presence of the man, so noble in his self-renunciation, oppressed him, and he breathed not so freely and lightly by Hedwig as he was wont to do—he was distrait, angry with himself for the cause, and struggled manfully against this petty feeling, of which he felt ashamed.

"Heaven sent this trial to teach us to know ourselves," he said; "thou hast stood the test, and with God's help so will I."

"Of that I am sure, Hohendorf," replied the maiden. "Trust in God reigns in thy heart, and reliance on my love and tenderness, which is unwilling now to touch a string which could not but return a saddened sound. I thank thee."

When Adolph and Clara returned they were received by Max and Hedwig with joyful affection; and Hohendorf called to Moritz Trausdorf, who had stood hesitating at the door, to draw nearer to him and accept his thanks and those of his friends, from the bottom of their hearts.

"Make Hedwig as happy as she deserves,"

answered Moritz, "my heart alone can thank me."

His eye grew moist as he so spake, his pale cheek glowed, and he threw himself upon his father's breast.

Every one was sad, for upon each had fate laid a hard trial, for even now had Duke Bernhard's green regiment marched out upon the Platz, and awaited the signal of departure.

Clara lay weeping in her husband's arms, and Moritz besought his parents also to let him depart at once.

Anna alone seemed unshaken, and was sitting deep in her thoughts; suddenly she exclaimed, as if she had awakened from a dream:

"He has filled up his measure; my destiny has decided itself."

All looked at her with surprise; but she smiled in a kindly manner, and addressing Moritz Trausdorf, said, as she grasped his hand:

"It is well for you and for us that you go hence; and therefore, mother, let him depart."

At this moment the trumpets sounded cheerily.

"Fare thee well, my beloved," cried Adolph. "Do thou, brother, have her in thy care."

And tearing himself from her arms, he rushed out, sprung upon his horse, once more waved adieu to his weeping wife, and departed.

CHAPTER VI.

After Pappenheim had returned to Wolfenbüttel, Duke William effected a junction with Banner at Osterwick, and moved towards the Weser. Pappenheim, no match for their united forces, retired to Hameln, and remained quietly behind the Weser, whilst the Duke took Göttingen by storm, and conquered several other towns in Lower Saxony.

Busy in strengthening and organising his army, Pappenheim extended his levies on all sides; and his own regiment, as well as those of Savelli and Wangler, were soon again completed by means of old veteran soldiers who, wearied with the war in the Netherlands, had

left the Spanish camp to enlist under his colours. He quietly permitted the Landgrave of Hesse to take possession of Warburg, Minden, and Amöneburg; he still remained quiescent—his opponents were too numerous for him, and luckily for him they permitted him to organize his army in peace. Wallenstein's preparations soon compelled Gustavus Adolphus to order the armies of Duke William and Banner to Franconia; and thus was Pappenheim freed from his most troublesome enemy.

They had scarcely left Lower Saxony, when Pappenheim rapidly assembled his troops, sixteen thousand in number, near Hameln. For a long time his eyes had not shone so joyously as when he mustered them, and Colonel Officuz led forward the Pappenheim infantry, who now stronger than before the battle of Leipsic, and well-armed and equipped, passed in review before him and crossed the Weser. He could not feel equally satisfied with his cavalry, his old regiments were wanting, he had left them behind with Tilly's army; and though he was still angry with them, he would yet gladly have had these brave soldiers once more

around him; but trusting to the spirit which he so well understood how to infuse into his army, his indifferently-mounted cavalry gave him small concern, and he advanced against Einbeck which he took, and then proceeded to Hesse.

He was, however, soon obliged to hurry back to the North; the Swedes and Luneburgers were besieging Stade, and soon reduced it to extremity, and played the masters in the bishopric of Bremen and Verden. With a rapidity at that period of military science quite unusual, he again crossed the Weser, and concerning himself but little about the invasion of the Paderborn provinces by the Landgrave, he marched quickly through Bremenland and relieved the distressed city. He here acted nearly as at Magdeburg, blew up the works, reinforced his army with the garrison, again crossed the Weser; and from thence returned by Brunswick to Hesse, made himself master of several strong places and hastened to Thuringia, in which province, still the least exhausted by the war, he hoped to find the best means of maintaining his army; for the sums of money which

the Elector of Bavaria had furnished him with at Cologne had been expended in recruiting, and the small towns which he still held possession of, were scarcely equal to maintain and pay their own garrisons.

He thus advanced as far as Duderstadt, with the purpose of marching into Thuringia by Muhlhausen; but here he received accounts that the Swedes and Luneburgers were advancing, and threatened to effect a junction; and he therefore caused Gronsfeld and his division, who was opposed to the Hessians, to join him, so that with his united forces he might be able to meet the enemy and prevent their junction. Gronsfeld found him in the castle at Duderstadt, just as an officer from the Elector of Bavaria had arrived, and Pappenheim was just breaking open the letter as Count Gronsfeld entered.

"Excuse me one moment," said Pappenheim. He opened the letter, and as he read it his features changed, he became serious, laid it silently down, and it was evident that its contents had deeply affected him; he remained silent for some time, and then said suddenly:

"Count Tilly is dead!" Gronsfeld, much attached to Tilly, started up, shocked. "On the Lech he was sorely wounded, and shortly after died at Ingolstadt; he also remembered me upon his dying bed, and begged that I should be reminded of our last conversation in Asschaffenburg, and then like a Christian and a hero he expired. Peace be to his ashes, may he have found the way he sought. The Swedes have passed the Lech," he continued, "have beaten the Elector and have taken Augsburg; the war is now assuming as serious a face in the South as in the North of Germany: it begins to concern our own safety."

"It would indeed appear so," answered Gronsfeld, who thinking upon his old master in war, Tilly, had scarcely attention for aught beside.

"With us, also," continued Pappenheim, "things look badly; the regiments want pay—I have no money. The Swedes and Luneburgers are advancing and pay their troops regularly. You know as well as I do the spirit which exists in soldiers—'tis indifferent what

they strive for or under whose colours, pay and booty is all to them. I am fearful of mutiny, and have not confidence in all my regiments, particularly in the cavalry; the Colonels have lain too long quiet in quarters with their regiments, where they have had but citizens and war commissaries to skirmish with; they have grown too rich, and their purse is more before their eyes than their sword—that is not the right thing. In the field, the heaven for their covering, the earth for their couch, while death in a thousand shapes surrounds them, the soldier's heart is steeled, and each member of the band is bound firmer to his comrade and to each other; and the General can then with a firm hand wield the chain that binds them, and breathe his own spirit, his own courage into all, even to the baggage-boys. But in quarters the courage and military spirit dies or gets relaxed; the thirst for fame no longer is their idol, but money; and when their General leads them into the fire, they begin to calculate that they will lose much and win naught, for victory brings wounds but not gold. However, what

profits it to complain? we want money, and a land which still in peace and quietness collects its treasures for our hands."

"The enemy is advancing," interrupted Gronsfeld; "should they effect a junction, we cannot keep the field."

"There you are right," answered Pappenheim; "and therefore up and at them. Let them be beaten ere they can join each other; and then why keep from you what the army must know? If I wish to quiet the discontented, and prevent mutiny before it breaks out, I must cross the Rhine."

"Cross the Rhine!" echoed Gronsfeld, in surprise.

"Even so, Count," replied Pappenheim.

"And have you the orders of our master, the Elector, for this?" urged Gronsfeld.

"I have no money, and therefore, go I must," said Pappenheim, quietly. "The Infanta Isabella will pay five hundred thousand crowns, I shall find two hundred thousand in Cologne, and the rest shall be paid me in the Netherlands. This is the only means to keep

the army together. As soon as we have relieved Maestricht, we will return to win back what we have lost; and with the money I will then bring a glorious army into the field."

"And have you no fear of the Elector's displeasure, none of the army resisting?" remarked the scrupulous Gronsfeld.

Pappenheim smiled.

"Since Tilly's death, the Elector has given me the command of the regiments of the League, and hence I can act as I will. The Elector caused me to be paid three hundred thousand florins at Cologne, and therewith have I maintained the army without its costing Maximilian of Bavaria a kreutzer. He will be a little startled at the intelligence of my march, but he will be satisfied at last, that I myself and the army do not allow ourselves to be disgusted by the trouble of fetching the money from Spain, which otherwise he must have paid out of his own purse; besides, the regiments will leave their baggage behind, and take but few cannon. We will march to the Rhine

without a halt, and thus the expedition will be but short. The enemy, whom we leave here, will scarcely believe us there ere we shall be back again."

"And will the Spaniards allow you to leave them when you will?" asked Gronsfeld.

"I have but pledged myself to relieve Maestricht," returned Pappenheim.

"And do you really believe that for this the Infanta will pay you five hundred thousand crowns, and Cordova will let you go?"

"Gronsfeld," answered Pappenheim, "at the head of fifteen thousand men, neither Cordova, nor the Infanta herself, should stay me. Should Pappenheim linger with these deliberating Spaniards—these proud fools—who surround themselves with a halo of their ancestors' deeds? Truly, Gronsfeld, I would rather join Henry of Nassau."

"Count Pappenheim!" interrupted Gronsfeld, rather startled.

"Don't take me too literally," observed the

latter; "and, moreover, don't let my doings trouble you. Help me only to keep down and chastise the Hessians and Luneburgers, who stand in our way, and hold out stoutly in Hameln until I return. You go not with us, but remain to command upon the Weser."

"Count Pappenheim," answered Gronsfeld, indignantly, "I am a soldier, and my duty is obedience; and I am already well used, when you go forth to engage in strife, to remain behind, to contend in the meanwhile against need and danger, without soldiers, money, or means. It was so when you went to Leipsic; it is so now."

"Esteem yourself lucky that you were not there," returned Pappenheim, with some temper. "Tilly's star set there, and now he himself has gone. In time of good fortune, he was a great soldier," he said, after some thought; "but he knew not how to strive against reverse; for then he gave his cause over to Heaven, and sometimes it forgot the honest man."

"May it never forget us," said Gronsfeld, rather hurt at this remark.

Pappenheim broke off the discourse, and gave Gronsfeld the necessary orders; and the next day commenced his march towards the Rhine.

CHAPTER VII.

A STRONG west wind was blowing, and the waves of the Rhine were high and rough, and the stream rapid and impetuous, as though it would bar the progress of the war-like bands encamped upon its banks. The clouded heavens showed no glimmering star, and the moon hid her silver light, while the lofty poplars on its banks rustled fearfully, as if the spirits of darkness were rushing through them; and yet the night was not dark. A thousand fires flickered high through the stormy night, and about them the soldiery were spread, preparing their suppers, and emptying the casks which had been brought to them from

the distant towns of Cologne and Neuss. The stream was covered with boats and skiffs, fastened to the shore, and in readiness to transport the army in the morning; the sentinels on each kept careful watch. The fiery neigh of horses might be heard, and seemed to rejoice in the prospect of the coming day, when, moving across the river, they should plant their steps on the fertile plains of the Netherlands. Songs echoed cheerily on every side, and the whole camp was still alive, and engaged in jollity.

Just close upon the bank, where the guns had been brought, and the regiments of Pappenheim, Savelli, and Wangler were in bivouac, a stern circle of Walloons had collected, who, sitting round a large fire, were looking over towards their fatherland with longing eyes. In the centre of them stood an old corporal, born in the little town of Hagen-in-the-Mark, who was poking away at the fire with a large stake till the flames blazed aloft; beside and around him several merry lads of Pappenheim's regiment were cowering on their knees—young recruits, who had first smelt powder at Einbeck—they watched the old man attentively, who was

listening to the *patois* of the Walloons, which he seemed to understand.

"Hear me, boys," he cried all at once to the Walloons, as he struck the stake angrily in the fire, so as to shower the sparks around. "I understand the gossip that ye hold there, and I tell ye, that for soldiers who have the honour to be called Pappenheimers, it is not becoming. Ye have for some months got no pay, and there you are crying out for a dirty couple of hatzen, as if your cook was hunger, and your cellar-master was dead. Shame on ye! You are of Savelli's regiment. Were your old brother-soldiers to hear this, who are drinking yonder, they would kick ye out of their ranks, and you might then enlist in some new-levied Cologne regiment, where all honour has yet to be gained, while under your colours you find yours ready made. Look now, if one of you speaks another murmuring word, I'll take this stake from the fire, and smash his skull in."

The Walloons were silent.

"That's God's counsel to ye," growled the old fellow to himself; but when one of them got up and held out his wine-flask to him, in

token of reconciliation, his countenance grew pleasant.

"That's good soldier manners," said he, smiling. "So it becomes young soldiers to respect those who have grown grey in arms. Here's your health, my Walloon comrades!" he cried, as he emptied the flask; "and for thanks, I'll sing you a little stave, composed by Colonel Officuz's buffoon. It's no such silly matter either. Just hearken now."

And as the old man, who held the reputation of being rather a hand at a song among the Pappenheimers, let the deep bass tones of his voice be heard, the soldiery gathered from all points around the old Morgenstern, as they called him.

"Now, Sirs, pay attention," said he, importantly, "and chime in chorus at the right time."

Then he begun:

"The Kaiser's soldiers get no gold,
The Bavarian's hated by young and old.
In Spain the Reiter's thanked by none,
The Frenchman quarrels with every one.

Under the Pope, there 's no one to hustle,
Under the Saxon, there 's nothing to guzzle ;
Under the Hessian, no food is the fashion,
For the Swedes' hard pay, you do nothing but pray.
In Poland, in Denmark, and Hungary's nation,
You never get pay, but ever starvation."

Here he stopped, and cleared his throat—stepped importantly into the centre of the circle, and sang :

"I know but one hero of all in the field,
Who knows how and when to the soldier to yield,
And him let us serve then without any pay,
For he ever says take it wherever ye may ;
The bold Pappenheimer, that's his name,
And good Fortune is ever his smiling dame."

and in loud chorus, the crowd repeated :

"The bold Pappenheimer, that 's his name,
And good Fortune is ever his smiling dame."

Whilst the chorus was shouted forth, the old man refreshed himself with a drink, and then again begun :

"And we, who, in German fatherland,
From north to south, are known and famed,

We are the Pappenheimers named.
And this our name, and this our fame
Is the regiment's boast ; and, with heart and hand,
Ever loyal in danger, and forward in strife,
We'll maintain it till death, and we'll keep it in life.
Then fearless, and hearty, and bold,
Our harvest be plunder and gold,
The trenchant battle-sword our plough,
'Twill turn us up gold enow.
So with rattling drums, and pikes in our hands,
Lets away o'er the Rhine to the Netherlands.
The bold Pappenheimers, that 's our name,
And Lady Fortune our gracious dame.
The bold Pappenheimers, that 's our name,
And Fortune is our gracious dame."

repeated the chorus in wild jubilee.

"So with rattling drums, and pikes in our hands,
We'll away o'er the Rhine to the Netherlands."

shouted they cheerily, emptied their cups, and old Morgenstern had more than once to repeat the song of Colonel Officuz's buffoon.

While the regiments were thus carousing and enjoying themselves, Pappenheim was seated in a small house, on the bank of the Rhine, engaged in rather unpleasant negotiations with

the counsellors of the Elector of Cologne, who had been sent to meet him, and to stop his progress. Receiving the deputies of his master's brother courteously, Pappenheim had as yet listened quietly to their representations, that the enemy would take advantage of his absence and penetrate into the Electorate of Westphalia, which now lay open to them, and commit there all kinds of havoc; but when one of them warned him in not very guarded terms of the probable miscarriage of his undertaking, he lost patience.

"Sir!" said he, violently, "you may understand well enough how to use your pen, but about military operations you know nothing. Tell your Lord, to whose grace I reverently commend myself, as in duty bound, that if he will pay my soldiers their arrears, which only amount to four hundred thousand florins, and advance to me two hundred thousand more, for new levies, I will return and protect his lands as hitherto. For the rest, I give you to consider that the days of Tilly are past—the territories of the Protestants are thoroughly drained; war can no longer maintain war, for the

Princes of the League only take and are unwilling to give—those fine times are over. When the gold, wrung out of conquered lands, wended its way to Munich, Mainz, and Cologne, whilst the soldier was left to starve. The Swede now marches through the land, playing our old game; and therefore we must care for the soldier before all, or else he goes over to the Swede, who pays justly and regularly; and therefore, Sirs, my word is—the army before all, and so farewell. We shall meet to-morrow at Neuss," and turning his back upon them, he left them; and, at break of day, put his army across the Rhine.

CHAPTER VIII.

Pappenheim delayed only two days in Neuss, but in those two days he completely forfeited the good graces of the Elector of Cologne. Besides a superabundant delivery of all kinds of provisions, he made the small town pay ten thousand dollars for his army, and the citizens were, notwithstanding, not secure against molestation from the soldiery, who with the Rhine behind them, fancied they had entered a promised land, and committed greater havoc than usual. Moreover, since the day of Leipsic, Pappenheim gave more licence to his soldiers than before; and his old regiments in particular, enjoyed an almost entirely unbridled

freedom. It appeared as if with the loss of his trust in Heaven; the wild and rough nature of the soldier had broken out in him, and in the belief that he could stand in his own strength, and must therefore seek the means in himself, for his fate was in his own hands alone; all means were right in his mind, which caused men to flock to his standard and tended to bind his army to him by closer ties—so despotic had he become in all his acts. As his march to Maestricht shewed that it might be well believed, that though perhaps only darkly as yet, the plans were slumbering in him, to introduce and establish a complete military despotism on the Weser and Elbe, as Wallenstein had done in Bohemia; and to make himself and his army as independant of the League, as Wallenstein was of the Emperor.

After some marches, Pappenheim arrived with his troops upon the Maas—Don Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Commander of the Spanish forces in the Netherlands—having moved up to the relief of the hardly pressed Maestricht, had encamped on the left bank of the Maas,

over against the quarters of Prince Henry of Orange. He might well have rejoiced at Pappenheim's arrival to join him with fifteen thousand well appointed soldiers; but somehow it was an unwelcome event to him—he would fain have avoided contact with the pride, and high mind of this generally dreaded person, in whom the Infanta seemed to place peculiar reliance; and had even made a sanguinary offering to his own vanity in an attempt to reduce Maestricht, without the assistance of the Germans.

The evening before Pappenheim's arrival, he had vainly attempted to storm the camp of the States, and Pappenheim found him, as he entered his tent unannounced, on the following day, still brooding over his failure. Don Gonsalvo rose, but slowly, to receive the stranger, who, accompanied only by a few officers, introduced himself as Count Pappenheim. The Spaniard was not a little embarrassed. He did not feel quite decided as to his behaviour, and hardly knew how he should receive him, without infringing upon his

own dignity. Pappenheim on the contrary, gave himself not the least possible trouble about his behaviour to this grandee.

"You see, Don Gonsalvo," he commenced in Spanish, "that I have hastened to join you, and I thank God that I have not come too late. Maestricht is still in our hands, and if your attack of yesterday, which perhaps you might better have delayed until my arrival, miscarried, I yet, found the troops as I rode through the camp still in high courage, and you may well have twelve thousand men here together."

This introduction to the conversation, and still more the reference to the unsuccessful attack, was extremely grating and surprising to the Spanish Commander. He, however, appeared to notice little what Pappenheim had said, and asked him with the lofty hauteur of a superior:

"What is the strength of the army which you bring me, Count Pappenheim, for the service of the Infanta Donna Isabella?"

At this address, Pappenheim regarded the Spaniard with looks of fire, as if he would have pierced him with his eye, but presently a smile curled his lip which was somewhat scornful.

"Don Gonsalvo," he replied proudly, "the army of the League, which at the desire of her Highness the Infanta, I have brought here for the relief of Maestricht, is so strong that I might fairly have undertaken the storm of the Dutch lines with it alone. They are my old Pappenheimer bands, whose worth is never reckoned by their numbers."

"Are they the same regiments which so manfully covered the retreat at Leipsic?" asked Cordova with a sneer.

"Yes, Don Gonsalvo," returned Pappenheim in the same tone; "they are those brave regiments, again recruited to their complete strength, by the addition of many of the brave warriors who fought under Duke Christian, and who met you at Fleurus; now judge for yourself, whether such regiments are to be valued merely for their numbers?"

Don Gonsalvo, making as though he had not understood the bitterness of Pappenheim's reply, replied with Spanish grandezza:

"Let deeds show me the moral strength of your army; but I now wish to know its numbers. The Infanta has caused the promised

sum to be paid to you, and desires to know, through me, whether, according to your pledge, you have come with fifteen thousand foot, and four thousand cuirassiers. This, my war commissary will ascertain more correctly than it may, perhaps, please you to inform me."

"Don Gonsalvo," said Pappenheim, not without a mocking smile, "this day the bridge, which secures our communications with your army, will be finished. To-morrow I must finish the intrenchments of my own camp; and, as the day after we are to assault the enemy's lines, you on the left, and I on the right bank of the Maas. You must see yourself that, I can have no time left for a muster. Your war commissary can then, if he likes, count the dead; but know that Pappenheim's army is in the pay of no lord—but the League. Understand me well," he said, preventing Don Gonsalvo, who would have interrupted him. "I am the Commander of my army, as you of yours. We have nothing common between us, except our aim—the town which you only see at a distance, close under the walls of which the Dutch are intrenched; Maestricht, that is our aim—therein

will we be united—the camp of Henry of Nassau be our object, not our muster-rolls."

"Count Pappenheim," returned the Spaniard, almost startled from his equanimity, "read the commands of the Infanta, placing your army under my orders; if you have taken her pay, you must obey her commands."

"Don Cordova," said Pappenheim in a firm, determined tone, "I took the money for the immediate maintenance of my soldiers, and to march here. It was absolutely necessary to do so. I promised to relieve Maestricht, and I will do it, if it is in my power, though it should cost me thousands of my brave soldiers; but," continued he proudly, "under your command I serve not at all, my time is short. Germany, too, is sore pressed, she needs me and mine. On the day after to-morrow, the joint assault must take place, and this is my last word."

Cordova, powerful as was the command he possessed over every feature of his face, and every movement, yet needed some moments to collect himself, for this German was too audacious for him.

"Count Pappenheim," said he at length, and

his Spanish pride had now broken all bounds, "I, Don Gonsalvo de Cordova, Generalissimo of their Spanish and Imperial Majesties in the Netherlands, am not in the habit of submitting my judgment, or my will, to the will of those who are under my orders, and, therefore, to-morrow, with my war commissary, Marquis del Campo, I will hold a muster of your troops, and command you to have the regiments in readiness."

At these words, Pappenheim whispered to one of the officers of his suite, who immediately withdrew. The Field-Marshal, himself, remained standing silently, but with a smile upon his countenance before the Spaniard, who regarded him sternly while he awaited his answer.

"Don Gonsalvo de Cordova," said Pappenheim (when he had heard the quick stroke of the horse's feet as the officer departed) and with so calm a countenance, that the two stood in singular contrast. "Don Gonsalvo, this muster cannot take place. If you insist upon it, this evening I return to the Rhine, and you can do what you please."

"And the Infanta's gold?" asked Gonsalvo mockingly.

"I shall take with me," replied Pappenheim carelessly.

"Then you will probably remain with us," said Cordova with an outward calm, "for, in that case, my duty and necessary precaution will compel me to secure your person."

"Do not do that, Lord Generalissimo of the Spanish Crown; do not do that," interrupted Pappenheim vehemently, "for, if my army were to learn it, they would cross the Maas, and storm your camp; and the Prince of Orange, in such a case, would hardly stand idle by. I warn you do it not. The officer whom you just now saw go out, is galloping to my camp to make all arrangements for every case that may occur, and my troops are wild companions, and are more likely to array themselves on the side of the Dutch, than to forsake their General."

Cordova seemed moved. Pappenheim ably seized the favourable moment to return to his purpose.

"Let us," continued he, "instead of engaging in such unprofitable discussions, unprofitable to

both our masters, rather consult together in peace and friendship, how we may bring about the relief of this distressed city. The quicker we go to work, the less time will the enemy have to perfect his defences; therefore, it is my opinion, that on the day after to-morrow, we should attack—you upon the right, and I upon the left bank. Our communications are secured by the bridge, and our courage will make our victory secure."

Calmly, but sternly, had Cordova listened to Pappenheim's words.

"Are you experienced in war in the Netherlands?" asked he at length.

"That I am experienced in war," replied Pappenheim, "is a point upon which no German has any doubt—neither in truth have you, Don Gonsalvo."

"Have you reconnoitred the hostile camp? Seen the entrenchments?"

"How could I otherwise propose to attack them? Your questions border upon insult," said Pappenheim, getting angry.

"Well then, on the day after to-morrow, assault the quarters of Counts William and

Moritz, and God be with you; and I wish you luck!"

"And you will attack the quarters of the Prince and of Count Brederode?" suggested Pappenheim.

"I will do what prudence, and my honour dictate."

Pappenheim looked hard at the Spaniard, at this ambiguous answer, and then said quickly, "do what pleases you—I shall attack, as my honour calls upon me do, farewell, Don Gonsalvo." He made a haughty reverence, threw himself upon his horse, and galloped back to his camp.

On the morning of the appointed day, he advanced with his army against the entrenchments of the Dutch. All his Colonels had, by his orders, animated their men to a valiant attack, and excited them not to be behind the Spaniards in courage, who were to assault on the other bank.

The regiments of Comargo and Pahland made the first assault against the Hornwork, thrown up by Count William; they were repulsed. The regiments of Goltz and Breuner

advanced, followed by the Pappenheimers; but this attack also was beaten back; the Field-Marshal then formed them afresh, brought up his old Walloon regiments into the line, and indignantly gave orders to the cavalry, to drive the infantry forward by force, if they should again recoil.

The colours waved, the drums rattled, trumpets sounded, and the royals thundered destruction from the walls upon the assailants, who in close order, every man carrying a fascine before him, advanced with a steady step. Pappenheim dismounted, and with a pike in his hand, headed his own regiment; his Lieutenant-Colonel Lindloh fell at his side, and hundreds more around him—it moved him not.

"Follow me!" cried he, raising his pike aloft, "after me Pappenheimers;" and thus he led them on to the edge of the ditch, into which they threw their fascines, and rushing over them, climbed the wall, and stood victorious upon the rampart. The enemy retreated to the quarters of Count Styrum. On this point the Pappenheimers were now victors, the work was

stormed, and from it, Pappenheim, amid a shower of bullets, looked down upon the redoubts which lay before him covered by the lines of circumvallation.

He now perceived that as yet he had won nothing, but some hastily thrown up out-works; he then cast a look upon the Spanish camp, and saw that the troops were quiet behind their defences, and had not even moved out to the attack.

"Pitiful pride, wretched vanity," muttered he; "thou shalt not prevent me from plucking the laurels alone." He now gave orders for assaulting the quarters of Count Moritz, but the efforts of the regiments were vain; the steady musquetry fire, and the heavy cannonade mowed down the assailants in heaps; they flew, then Pappenheim mounted to rally the fugitives, a small falconet ball shattered the pummel of his saddle, and grazed him; he sunk from his horse, but quickly collecting his strength, he remounted a fresh horse, and dashed back, bleeding as he was, to his men, whom Colonel Pahland had again collected.

The ball had only slightly grazed him, and scarcely was it bound up, when the trumpets sounded for a fresh assault.

"Officuz," said he, as he rode in front of the Walloons; "on the day of Leipsic, thou didst rescue my honour with these bands, to-day do likewise, if thou dost carry that wall, Maestricht is relieved. Pappenheimers!" he now cried to the regiments who stood sternly by; "there stand the Spaniards, the dastards, and look sneering at you over their ramparts; show them that Pappenheim's colours ever lead to victory." Colonel Officuz now snatched the colours from the Ensign, and rushed to the front—the regiments followed him.

"Those are experienced soldiers," said Pappenheim, to the wounded Colonel Comargo, whose shoulder was shattered by a ball; "ne'er have I seen such firmness, nor such a murderous fire, and such sang-froid in fight—but did their cannon hurl still more destruction on us were the ditches still deeper,and the walls still higher, we must mount them;" and so saying he rushed into the fight at the head of his regiments.

Even Officuz was compelled to retire, the regiment of Wangler was nearly annihilated, their dead covering the field; then Pappenheim formed once more his own regiment, and Savelli's, and those of Pahland and Breuner, and though he could not dismount on account of his wound, he led the regiments against the church of Lumel on horseback. What human energy could effect, they did, they fought like lions, but in vain. Pappenheim, in desperation, led one regiment after another into the fire, and seemed as if he sought the death he could not find; the wild courage of his soldiers recoiled before the sang-froid of the Netherlanders, and as towards seven o'clock in the evening, he was forming his own and Savelli's regiments for yet one more attack. Officuz asked him earnestly.

"Will you then lead all to the slaughter, Field-Marshal, has not blood enough been shed?"

These words recalled him to reflection.

"Halt!" he cried, to the already advancing corps, and commanded a retreat to the work

first conquered, but they here suffered such a fearful fire from the cannon on Styrum's quarters, that they could not maintain their conquest. Pappenheim was obliged to retire to his camp; two thousand men slain were left up the field; three thousand wounded were missing from the ranks; the regiment of Wangler was quite disorganized, his own and Savelli's had only one thousand two hundred left; the old songster Morgenstern, was also among the dead, and he sang his song no more. Dame Fortune had deserted him, as well as his General. The next day forty cornets of Dutch horse drew out before Pappenheim's camp, and seemed to invite him to an action, but the lion lay bleeding and angry in his den. Pappenheim, with justice, irritated at the inactivity of the Spaniards, adopted the firm resolve to avoid every fight which could lead to no result, and without again seeing Don Gonsalvo, on receiving the intelligence that Maestricht had capitulated, he retreated to the Rhine, leaving behind several hundreds of wounded. As Henry of Orange saw him draw off, he observed to the officers about him.

"Well for us that Cordova has not Pappenheim's spirit, he would have found us work, and we should have not entered Maestricht to-morrow."

CHAPTER IX.

In the meantime joy had deserted the family in Halberstadt. Hohendorf recovered slowly. Clara looked vainly for tidings of her husband, and gloomy sadness had again fallen upon them all. Moritz Trausdorf after firmly, but with a bleeding heart, having again renounced all claims upon Hedwig, departed for Magdeburg, accompanied by the blessings of all, to arrange what was necessary for the re-building of his father's house.

The old people had remained behind in Halberstadt. Hohendorf and Hedwig were decided not to allow their happiness to be further disturbed by Moritz Trausdorf's re-ap-

pearance, Hedwig felt that she could no longer contribute to Trausdorf's happiness. Hohendorf, that no further considerations need now compel him longer to delay his own. Every doubt which had as yet troubled them had vanished, and they now again sat affectionately hand in hand as before. Pappenheim's wish alone, which he had expressed in his letter, that Hohendorf should once more fight by his side, disquieted him; he also participated in the wish. The bustle of war had yet attractions for him; and the rout of Leipsic seemed to him but an unbecoming finish to his military career, which he would gladly have concluded with a victory; or, could he disregard the longing wish of the man who had overwhelmed him with benefits, who, harsh and stern towards others, had only opened to himself the softer sensations of his heart. When, therefore, the accounts arrived at Halberstadt, that Pappenheim had again crossed the Rhine, had relieved Wolfenbüttel, and had taken Hildesheim, and was now in full march to Saxony. His heart beat, and the purpose was quietly ripening in him, once more to join his old master, and to

fight at his side. And then, with the sense of having fulfilled his duties, as a man and a soldier, to retire with his Hedwig to his home.

Since her return from Magdeburg, Anna had taken little part in all that had passed. At first she appeared to seek intimacy with Moritz Trausdorf, and no one could conceive the cause of this conduct; but for some time past, as she probably found, that he was not the man for her purpose, she had treated him with indifference, and showed no sign of being affected at his departure for Magdeburg. So much the more sedulously did she seek solitude, and was nearly every day in a little garden near the gate, where, as she asserted, she could indulge her fancies unrestrained. One day, when she had gone out there, she did not return, and all of them watched anxiously through the night. Had Pappenheim been in the neighbourhood, they would have felt less anxious; but, when four days had elapsed without intelligence of her, they believed her lost, and were all of opinion that she must have fallen into La Croix's hands, traces of whom were still to be found near Halberstadt. All those

whom they sent out for intelligence, had returned without any, till at length a countryman arrived from the country, near Wernigerode, with a letter from her, containing the following lines:

"Be not anxious for me. Where I am, I am willingly, until I have attained the aim which I have bound myself to pursue; there is no rest for me—no happiness on earth. Should Heaven favour me, I may soon again be among you. When four weeks have elapsed without your seeing or hearing of me, then believe that I am no more. Farewell! remember Anna in your prayers."

This letter was but small consolation, yet it at least gave them the assurance that she lived, and was not in La Croix's power.

CHAPTER X.

In the rocky ravine at Lindlahe, which leads down to the Spielbach, were sitting two Jägers, an old bearded man near to grey hairs, and a young, saucy-looking boy. They were eating their supper in silence, and appeared to be waiting for something, for the old man was continually looking out, right and left, along the different tracks, which led down from the height, on the other side of the brook; but nothing appeared, all was here so still around them, that had it not been for the plashing of the brook at their feet, and a dull, monotonous sound from the distant hammers and mills, had not an occasional bird of prey flapped his

wings, or the hind and her fawn broken down through the grassy ravine, one might have fancied that nature was dead, for scarce a breath of air moved the tops of the tall pines, or shook the yellow leaves from the oaks.

"They tarry long," commenced the old man, at length breaking the silence, whilst the younger made no reply; but aimed his gun at a roe, which peered saucily out of the thicket. "For God's sake don't fire!" cried the elder; "we should betray ourselves: for if the black rascals chanced to hear the shot, they would be down in a minute to share the prey, even were it nought but a roe."

The young hunter put up his weapon, laid it beside him, and springing up impatiently, walked to and fro, ever looking towards the opposite height.

The sun set behind the Wormberg, and it grew darker and darker in the ravine.

"I won't remain here all night," said the young hunter.

"Then we must return to Elbingerode, and Conrad misses us," replied the old man.

The discourse was broken off again—it grew

gradually darker—the night fell, and yet the person they expected, came not. The youth threw his gun over his shoulder.

"I shall go," he said, impatiently, and begun to walk down the ravine.

"Is your courage already gone?" the elder said, somewhat scornfully. "Are you afraid of the wild huntsman and his pack? He holds his revels high above us. If the black rascal escapes us to-day, then God only knows where we may find him."

He had scarcely spoken, ere a fiery glow coloured the dark heavens behind the height of the Mangel-Holz, and soon spread itself over the extent of the Brocken, and the fire also played up on the Worm and the Winterberg.

"Those are signal fires," exclaimed the old man. "The enemy is at hand. That is bad, for now I must go, and attend my master's summons. We can wait no longer here, come what may. Come!"

He gave his hand to the youth, and led him up the height. When they reached the top, the old man cast an inquiring look around. "The necessity is in the west, I can see, from

the fires," he exclaimed, "and therefore we must to the Brocken—that is the gathering point of the Stolbergers. You must go with me a few miles, or remain in some hut. Decide."

"I follow you, good father; only go in advance," replied the youth.

The old hunter led the way, followed by the young one, and thus they proceeded for several leagues over hill and dale, now on a made road, now again through the bush, by foot-tracks which no one but one who knew the country could make use of. They were soon no more alone. Armed men joined them from all sides, and at every fresh path which they crossed, their numbers increased; so that when they came to the chapel on the Renneckenberg, where they found several more, they were nigh upon thirty men, most of them armed with guns, and some with lighter weapons. Here was the principal gathering-post of the principality of Blankenburg and the country of Elbingerode; and they therefore laid themselves down here to await the rest. When these latter came up from Ilsenburg, they brought accounts with them

that Pappenheim—who had gone from Wolfenbüttel to Hornburg, and had taken it—had withdrawn from Osterwick, on the past morning, without accomplishing his object, and had marched in the direction of Goslar; and it was hereupon decided unanimously to go towards Altenau, and there await further news. The band at the chapel, which had now increased to sixty men, was just about to set forward, when a huntsman joined them, approached the old man quickly, and spoke a few low and earnest words to him.

Hereupon the old man turned to those assembled, and thus begun:

"Dear friends, know that a part of the black bands, who have already done so much mischief in our mountains, is near us. They were seen to-day on the road to Andreasberg, on the look-out for some traders, who were on the road from Nordhausen, with their goods, going to Goslar. Now I was in hopes they would again retreat to their own old badger's hole, on the Bode, to-night, and then I would have stopped the pass to Lindlahe, and have given them a lesson not again to put the red cock into an honest hunts-

man's dwelling; but they have not advanced so far to-day, and, as I learn, are now lodging in the Cliffs, on the other side of Schierke, and do not, truly, dream that we are so near them. Besides this, comrades and friends, I have a young lad here, whom I have promised to aid, and who has a bone to pick with their captain; and I believe there is scarcely one of you who has not suffered some injury from these lurking rascals. What say you? if we commenced our war with the black villains, and you were to lend me a helping hand? It is but a little out of the way: we are near upon sixty likely men, and well-armed, and always ready when marauders enter our hills; therefore, let's up and away."

The huntsmen and peasants gladly embraced the occasion of avenging themselves upon these brigands, who had now, for nearly a year, rendered the mountains of the Harz insecure. They, therefore, moved towards Schierke, where they divided, one detachment remaining in ambush in the place; the other kept along the cold Bode-stream. The latter, which had the longest way to go, were to descend the ravines

of the Winterberg, and to take the robbers in rear; and this detachment was to give a signal, when they were on the summit over the Cliffs.

The different detachments set out, and the old Jäger and his companion were with the one which went below by the Bode. They had concealed themselves in the opposite cliffs, and now awaited the signal. They at last heard it—crossed the stream quickly, where they soon descried a solitary fire in a cleft, and the robbers, who, when they noticed their pursuers, hastily grasped their arms. The struggle was, however, but short, and they were quickly overpowered, and several of them killed or captured.

"Where is your leader?" cried the young hunter, vehemently. "Where is he?"

"Oh! is it he you want?" replied one of the band, laughing scornfully; "your trap has missed. He is not among us."

"Where is he?" asked the old Stolberger, who was the same who formerly kept the wild beasts for his defence.

"I won't betray my officer," returned the robber, coolly.

"And suppose that such were the only hope of saving your own life?"

"Not even then."

"I am not such a fool," cried one of the prisoners. "If you will swear to let me go free, I will tell you where he is to-night."

"There hast thou my hand upon 't, instead of an oath, thou mayest trust my hand," retorted the Jäger; whilst the first robber, with the exclamation, "Wretch!" snatched a stake from one of those around them, and struck violently at his comrade, a shot stretched him on the earth.

The other robber begged the huntsman and the peasants to follow him now, without delay, if they wished to capture the captain; for before morning broke, he was sure to be astir in the forest again.

"You will, doubtless, hold me for a bad comrade for betraying my captain, but know that Richard of Bremervörde is not so bad as that. He has seduced my sweetheart, and is now with her, and there we will surprise him. Therefore, come, and quickly, that we may find him still there."

The band got in motion, over the Winterberg to the Oder bridge, then again up the hill-side, at the foot of which lies the Great Pool, already mentioned before by Moritz Trausdorf.

"And now," begged their conductor, "be silent. Here, as far as I know, there will be a post. You can creep on. It must be about there, under that high pine, but don't fire."

He drew near with several men, in complete silence, and they quickly found the sentinel, who, wrapped in his mantle, with his gun on his arm, was sitting on the stem of a felled tree fast asleep. Their conductor crept on, and as one of the peasants was about to thrust his old rusty sword into the breast of the sleeper, he held him beseechingly back, wrested the gun from his careless grasp, and cried aloud to the terrified robber:

"Yield thee, William! resistance is vain."

The sentinel, however, made a catch at the pistol in his bandolier, but Richard grasped his arm, and kept back the huntsman, who had drawn his knife.

"Pardon him!" begged Richard; "he is a young hot-head, only a few days one of our band; has nothing yet on his conscience, he would not else have slept so sound."

The old Jäger, who led the expedition, and now came up with the rest, commanded them to spare his life; and they now moved down the hill, where they learned from the prisoner, that in the bottom, close upon the water, there was another post, two sentinels before the house, and some others towards Altenau and Andreasberg.

Richard, who, from former and happier years, well knew all the paths, led them along the rough foot track, passing between the sentries, and clear of them, so that they reached the hut on the Oder Tank unnoticed. The sentinels before the hut, surprised by the numbers who approached, and through the warning cry of their comrades, "Don't fire, or you are lost!" lost their presence of mind, and threw away their weapons.

The young huntsman now rushed towards the hut, with pistol cocked, but the old man held him back.

"Remain here," said he earnestly. "I will bring him out to you."

"Hold back!" besought Richard. "I too may not enter there, where I have oft been with a joyful heart."

The old huntsman opened the door, entered the chamber, and found La Croix still asleep.

"Hullah! rouse up; the hut is on fire Hauptmann La Croix!" shouted he, to the awakened man, who made a futile attempt to grasp his sword. "Bind the murdering incendiary fast," cried he, "and lead him out for judgment."

And as La Croix, pale as death, but defiant and impudent, was led out into the circle of hunters and peasants, the young Jäger stepped hastily before him.

"Know'st thou me?" cried he, "know'st thou me, wretch?"

As La Croix looked upon him, he started violently, as if he had beheld in the graceful figure of the youth a spirit of hell itself, but quickly collecting himself:

"Ha! Anna, my dearest wife," he exclaimed,

"Welcome to the mountains of the Harz. I had not believed that thou wouldst so faithfully have followed thy husband here. Truly, the close green doublet, and hat, with eagle feather, become thee well! Thou dost please me!"

The standers by were not a little surprised to hear the sneering words of a man who was so near death, nor less to behold in the young hunter a woman, and the wife of the captain of the black bands. All looks were directed upon Anna, who appeared not to be at all affected by La Croix's speech, and only cast occasionally an angry glance from her dark, gleaming eye.

"Now, dear friends," said the old hunter, stepping among the peasants, "to entrap this fellow, the damsel there and I set out this night, and we have a right to hold our judgment upon him. Therefore, I pray you, bind him to yon young oak, and draw yourselves back into the wood, and leave him to us."

The peasants obeyed, and at his sign the hunters followed them, and La Croix, bound to the oak, remained alone with the old man and Anna.

"Man!" cried the hunter, "but few moments are permitted to thee for repentance. Profit by them. Pray to God!"

La Croix was silent.

"Commend thy soul to heaven's mercy!" cried the old man once more. "Thy death hour is about to strike."

La Croix replied not, but his eye glanced mischievously before him, and he merely raised it occasionally to look at Anna.

"Thou hast more courage in death than in life," pursued the old man, while Anna stood wrapt in her own reflections, "more boldness than I had given thee credit for. Now, as thou wilt, I can hardly blame thee, for I do, indeed believe that thy prayer would help thee little there above, therefore, in mercy, let us quickly send thee there." He shook fresh powder into the pan of his piece, took the key, turned the wheel of the lock, and stepped before him. "Think now upon the flames which thou didst spread over my peaceful home, and say your last prayer."

"Halt!" cried Anna, her pistol cocked in her

hand, "to me leave vengeance, for thee, old man, he hath but burned thy house; but me, has he deeper wounded—let me," she stepped close up to La Croix, who with the smile of desperation gazed into the mouth of her pistol.

"Fire," he cried, "fire, that I may die the most miserable of all deaths, that by a woman's hands."

Her arm sunk slowly down.

"Have I also gone astray from my appointed path?" said she in a hollow tone, to herself, "yet shall not murder stain my soul. I leave vengeance to you, do with him as you will. I forgive him!" and she moved towards the wood where the others had laid themselves down. As she passed along the edge of the pond, where an old cross stood upon a hillock, she cast herself upon her knees.

"Father of mercy!" cried she, in prayer, "Thou hast not so totally forsaken the sinner, for Thou didst let Thy mighty voice be heard, when revenge would have led her to the brink of destruction. Thy voice hath awakened her from the wild dreams of her life; oh! let the

way which she has yet to tread be short, and then graciously receive her into Thy paternal bosom."

She prayed long, in a low tone, then arose and cast a joyful look at the beams of the morning sun, which shone a kindly welcome to her, and joined the band who were in the wood. Here, however, she delayed not long, but in company with a few of them strayed on in advance to Altenau.

While she had been engaged in prayer, the old hunter had stood thoughtfully in front of La Croix. He had been much surprised at the sudden change which had taken place in Anna's frame of mind. The words which she murmured at the time he had only half understood, he could not interpret them aright, and now more calmly considered what he should do.

La Croix, who seemed to remark this, broke the dull silence, and the fear of death gave him words, now that Anna's presence no longer closed his lips.

"Comrade," said he, "I will pay five thousand florins for my life, and you can keep me safely until you have the money in hand."

The old man remained silent, and appeared not to hear him.

"I'll give thee ten thousand," continued he, as the old man still continued standing silent before him. The huntsman listened to him.

"Take any measures of security you will, only swear to me to let me go free and guarantee my life."

The old man looked at him with a scornful smile, and grasped his gun.

"I'll give you double, have your house rebuilt better than before," he cried in anxious terror, as the hunter took up his weapon, "only give me life and freedom."

"A little while ago you were daring enough, Hauptmann La Croix," said the old man breaking silence, "and I rejoiced to see a soldier meet death so boldly, for whose courage I had not ventured a shot out of my pouch."

"To die by her hand, by the hand of a woman," exclaimed La Croix, who had already gained courage, when there was a chance of respite, "her presence even was fearful to me, fury choaked my voice. I know not myself if it was desperation, pride, or the certainty, that

in her hands I was irrevocably lost; for I saw no compassion upon her countenance as upon yours."

"You see falsely," said the old man, "compassion for you has long left my breast, since I saw you in Pasewalk. Ye must die, therefore pray, while pray you can."

"I will show you where I keep my treasured gold," said La Croix, beseechingly, and deadly paleness overspread his cheeks; "only give me life; have pity—"

"I may not have thy gold; there is a curse upon't, and I would not bring it on my head. 'Twere too sore a burden for an old man like me. Offer up one devout prayer, and then be off to hell."

"I pray!" cried La Croix in whom now desperation overcame the fear of death. "Shoot, old grey beard, let thy bullet strike my heart; and pile up this murder yet upon the multitude of which thou hast to give account. Shoot craven coward, shoot down your helpless captive, fill up the measure of thy heroism."

"Good that thou dost mind me of it," interrupted the old man, and he whistled shrill; so

that La Croix shrunk terrified. He was immediately answered by ten lusty fellows, who hastened up from the wood.

"Loose him from the tree," said he coldly, "a little more, and I had been over hasty, and the coward's blood had stained the hands of an honest forester. Pinion him fast, close your ears to his prayers, and woe to him who lets him escape."

They unbound him, pinioned and led him to the rest, who now proceeded with him to Altanau. They here learned that Pappenheim had arrived in Goslar, and with the exception of exacting a contribution of ten-thousand dollars for his troops and provisions, had permitted no excesses. A part of the regiments were in advance, at Klausthal. The peasantry and mountain-folk who had assembled, still hanging upon their flanks. Not a soldier left his ranks on the march, not a house was either burned or plundered on the way, and the army maintained a sort of unusual discipline, those who were in Klausthal had advanced in the grey morning to Osterode, and Pappenheim himself was expected in Klausthal. Then let us draw towards that

place, so that, if need be, we can join with the peasantry, and there I will decide concerning the fate of our prisoner. When they had entered Altenau, young and old crowded to see the notorious captain of banditti, whom they had all known at an earlier period, when he served, first under the Imperial standards, and later under the Weimar colours in the Harz, and had established his recruiting stations, here and there among them. No one was more astonished than Anna, when she again beheld La Croix led by, she quaked at his looks, and a death chill fell upon her, to see him still among the living. Yet much as her inward feelings revolted against him, she could not but thank heaven for his rescue: for Anna was no longer what she had been. Her wild, masculine spirit had, since the dread day at Halberstadt, become milder, and nought but the vow of vengeance once more excited within her, through the chance of which the old Jäger had instructed her—had induced her to go out against La Croix, and the thought of the chiding words of Duke William, and the image of her dying father, which had appeared to her mind's eye, at the moment when the

bloody deed was about to be consummated, had rescued her soul from blood guiltiness, and with this victory over her wild, vengeance-breathing feelings, she had gained strength henceforward to walk in the right course; and by a peculiar organization of the human will, an ardent longing for death had come upon her. She could not account for this feeling, but yet she felt it living and glowing in her breast.

When the old man, with his band, now increased to near two hundred able men, left Altenau in the evening, she followed him without any settled object. The thought that the way might lead her to Pappenheim, might well be the secret motive which she would scarcely own to herself, for La Croix's fate was no longer so important to her as to cause her, on his account, to accompany the rude band through the fastnesses. She even ventured a petition to the old hunter to spare his life, but he refused, saying:

"Would you have this wretch do more evil?"

She was silent, and with a heavy heart she followed the column.

CHAPTER XI.

Immediately after the conquest of Hildesheim, Pappenheim had received a command from the Elector of Bavaria to break up forthwith, with the largest part of his army, and unite himself with the Duke of Friedland. Little as he liked this order, which stayed him in the midst of his victorious career, and placed him again under the command of another, he was obliged to obey, gave over to Gronsfeld, for the third time, the melancholy task of defending the Weser and Lower Saxony, without means, and with fifteen thousand men of his army commenced his march.

At first, he wished to move through the

Harz, by way of Osterwick, Hornburg, and Quedlinburg, to the Saale; wherefore he took Hornburg by storm, but experienced considerable resistance at Osterwick; and this, together with the intelligence, that the Duke of Lüneberg was advancing by the way of Magdeburg, to unite himself with the Saxons, determined him to make a rapid march through the western portion of the Harz, and to proceed to join Wallenstein by way of Eichsfeld, and the rich provinces of Thuringia. He, therefore, marched rapidly to Goslar, in order to pass through the Harz in two marches; and, knowing the country people of these parts well, he had given orders to maintain the strictest discipline. He marched in two divisions, from Goslar to Osterode. The peasantry swarmed around his line of march; but as no soldier left his ranks, and no plundering took place, and contrary to usual custom, the march was conducted with the greatest order. The armed mountaineers remained quiet in their forests, keeping always a watchful eye for stragglers.

About half a league from Klausthal, where the road ascends the mountains, there stood, at a

short distance from the road side, a little chapel. The saying went, that a long time before, a pious hermit had dwelt in a cave there, and had been set upon and slain by murderers, and that the image of the Virgin, which, still at the period of the Thirty Years' War, adorned the chapel, had been carried off by the robbers, but on the next day had returned again to its old position. For several hundred years, and up to the time of the Reformation, this belief prevailed; and, even to this day, the inhabitants of this district have a sort of shy awe of the place, whither their fathers had once made their pilgrimages; and seldom did a devout Catholic pass by without offering up his devotions here. Pappenheim, also, who had heard tell of this old chapel and its image, rode, with a few attendants thither, perchance more out of curiosity than devotion.

As he drew near to this holy spot, a most singular spectacle presented itself to his eyes. On a lofty pine-tree, which towered up like a protecting genius, by the chapel, was hanging the corpse of a man, waving here and there in

the east wind; and, in the chapel itself, he saw through an open door a youth standing with his hands folded, as if in prayer, and his look fixed. Several men, who were standing near, hurried into the forest at his approach.

He dismounted, and, without troubling himself about the hanging body, entered the chapel. His tread disturbed the youth's devotions, and, turning round, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Ha! is it you? Count Pappenheim, I almost guessed that you would come here. Welcome!"

Pappenheim was not a little astonished at finding Anna here, in the chapel, in the dress of a common Jäger.

"What dost thou here?" asked he, regarding the handsome figure of the maiden, "what leads thee hither?"

"I was praying!"

"Thou! a heretic! praying here before the image of God's mother," he asked in surprise.

"God is everywhere!" returned the maiden, "and even before this image he hears my

prayer; though, whether he will attend to it, I know not, but I scarce believe it; I besought forgiveness for the sinner."

"And in whom dost thou take so much interest? Who led thee into these mountains?"

"La Croix," said she, quietly.

"Where is he? where is the wretch, that my revenge may strike him?" cried Pappenheim, in the wildest passion.

"There does he stand before his Judge," interrupted Anna; "before his stern Judge, where we must also soon stand."

"Is yonder one hanging upon the tree La Croix?"

"He it is," replied Anna. "To seek him out, I went into the Harz, with an old huntsman; for a year past he has here robbed and plundered. Yesterday we found him."

"And thou hast spoken his death-doom?" said he, interrupting her.

"No, Pappenheim! God be thanked, that did I not! A voice from above—the warning glance of my unhappy father restrained me, and the deadly weapon fell from my hand. The peasantry executed judgment upon the leader

of the black bands. I am guiltless of his death."

Pappenheim's attendants had, in the meantime, recognized La Croix, and were setting about taking him down, in order, as they said, to give an old comrade an honest grave.

"No!" commanded Pappenheim, "let him hang there for food to the ravens."

He then stepped out, and bent a fixed look upon the corpse, in whose features death itself had not obliterated the wicked expression.

"Come, come from here!" begged Anna; "look not so fixedly upon the dead. Turn thyself away, and forgive him."

"Forgive him?" cried Pappenheim, looking up astonished; "and canst thou ask that of me?"

"Will not you also need forgiveness, when your sand has run?" returned she, earnestly. "My hate is quenched; be the dead as well as the living forgiven!" and she extended her hand to him, sadly.

Her words had an unpleasing effect on Pappenheim, and he angrily repulsed her hand.

"I thank thee for joining me with this villain; I thank thee, Anna, but need not thy forgiveness."

"Count Pappenheim," said she, proudly, "if you need not my forgiveness, even cast it from you as a burdensome creditor. Yonder poor wretch had need of God's forgiveness, but for the will; you, however, need it for the deed."

She passed him proudly by.

"Anna!" cried Pappenheim, who was grieved to have hurt her; she, however, listened not to his call, and vanished in the thicket, and the Reiters whom he sent after her could not follow her through the bushes.

CHAPTER XII.

Deeply wounded in her heart, and as if suddenly and roughly awakened from a long and pleasing dream, Anna was sitting, late that evening, upon a solitary rock, around the foot of which the old Jäger and his men had spread themselves to bivouac. The moon shone with a cold and trembling light through the old fir-trees, which, with their long and deep shadows, seemed, like mighty giants of the mountains, to hold watch and ward around. Nothing disturbed the silence of the scene; deep below her the huntsmen were slumbering, and all around was still, except when a wolf howled at a distance, or an owl rustled through the branches of the fir-trees.

"Have I then nothing more in this world to which my heart can cling? am I then quite alone in all this wild turmoil of life?" exclaimed Anna, sighing deeply. "Is there no star to shed its brightness o'er my path? and has one unhappy instant destroyed all that either reality or fancy had created? Poor heart! thou didst believe that thou wert loved, and he regards thee not; thou didst think to revenge thyself, and, under the shadowy grave of vengeance, has the deep grave of thy happiness opened yawning before thee. Merciful God! quench the sinful fires in my heart, or in pity quench the flame of life, that I may be at rest! Comest thou not yet, father, to call thine Anna hence?" said she, softly, as the night-breeze rustled through the leaves of the old beeches. "Thou didst press my hand in forgiveness when thou didst depart, and now—oh, come, come quickly!"

And as she thus spake, a dusky shadow seemed to emerge from the pine forest. At first she believed it was but the shadow of a tree; but as she perceived it move, and, in a spectral manner, continually draw nearer to

her, she thought upon the wish she had expressed—upon her longing, and, slowly and trembling, she arose. She well nigh believed it to be her father, who had heard her cry, and had come to visit her, and yet, now that it stepped almost close before her, she could not speak to it. It was not her father's figure, but a tall, meagre female form, with deep-set, glittering eyes, which, wrapped in a mantle, stood before her.

"Who art thou, spectre of the night?" she cried, and grasped her sword.

"The old Jäger's companion, Mother Trude," replied she, "who wishes you well, for you are unhappy. She shuns the happy. Sit thee down," continued she, kindly, taking Anna's hand; "thou art moved, child, and thy hand trembles in mine; be not afraid; we oft believe that all is lost, when the deliverer is at our door."

"What wilt thou with me?" asked Anna.

"Counsel thee, when I can," returned the old woman. "Come, show me thy hand; oft when the moon shines, and the fir-trees rustle, and the screech-owl cries, I am urged to look

into the future, and then do I read the lineaments of the hand, and distinguish clearer than in the bright sunshine."

Uneasy as the neighbourhood of the old woman made her feel, Anna seated herself.

"What seekest thou here?" she asked yet once more.

"That I might well ask of thee, child; for *here* I am at home; where the stars shine out, there is my dwelling; where the moon gives her light, my bed. But show me thine hand, ere the bright disk sinks behind the mountain."

Almost angry, Anna did so; she considered it thoughtfully. "Thou dost love," said the old woman, after a time.

"I have loved," said Anna, sighing deeply.

"And dost yet love fervently—ardently," continued the crone; "cast in thy pride a veil over the flame, it helps thee not; it consumes it, and winds its way forth from its ashes. And wherefore wilt thou hide it? why stifle the fire? thou art again beloved."

"Nay, thou dost but badly understand thy craft," said Anna, bitterly.

"Interrupt me not, child," continued she.

"Thou art beloved again, and art near to the summit of thy wishes; the bridal chamber stands open. In truth, it is but narrow; but longing decks and adorns it with flowers that never can wither. Thou wilt enter it with him."

"When—when?" cried Anna, warmly.

"Soon, Anna, soon," replied the old woman, earnestly; "soon."

She then was silent, put back the maiden's hand, upon which she had read her fate, into her lap, let herself down from the fragment of rock upon the ground, cowered together, and leaning her head upon her hands, she stared fixedly before her.

Anna looked the while towards heaven.

"Am I then?" said she, softly, "a waving reed to be swayed by every breath of Hope? Am I then ever to be the chosen plaything of my passions?" she continued more vehemently and loudly. "Where will my heart—my poor heart—find rest?"

"Only in the grave," murmured the old woman.

"And where shall I again find him?" inquired Anna; "how?"

"Whom meanest thou?" rejoined Mother Trude.

"Pappenheim," said Anna, quickly.

"Seekest thou him, unhappy one? To tell thee that, lies not in my power; but I have heard among the soldiery that he moves with his power to Leipsic, there to seek again the laurels that he has lost. There do I believe that thou wilt find him." And so saying, she arose. "Farewell. Go on thy way with God," said she, and she retired into the depths of the forest.

"Well, then, be it so," said Anna, silently, to herself. "I will follow her counsel—will to Leipsic. God will guard me—God will be with me." With calm peace, as if her hope's dream had been accomplished, and she had attained the summit of her wishes, she descended to where the murmuring of the Giessbach invited her to slumber, and slept as softly as if no cloud dimmed her day—as if it were the long sleep of eternal rest.

CHAPTER XIII.

Pappenheim arrived at Osterode in an unhappy state of mind. He felt inexpressibly grieved by a harsh word to have wounded Anna, for whom he really felt as much affection as such a man whose heart was closed to all tender sensations by constant intercourse with war could feel. He was too keenly conscious that he did indeed need the maiden's forgiveness, and she had vanished and had parted from him in anger; and this pained him. But the next day, when he marched from Osterode to Eichsfeld, and the bustle of war was stirring around him, and when no longer, as in the Harz, the strict command restrained

the licentiousness of the soldiery, and when he heard his old Walloon bands—now truly but a small body—rejoicing around him, Anna's warning image quickly vanished from his mind; and if he still thought of her on his solitary couch, yet were the events of the war too important to him, not to occupy his mind entirely; and before his mighty undertakings, the fate of the unhappy one was put aside.

By way of Mühlhausen and Langensalz, he proceeded to Thuringia. Desolation and distress followed him everywhere. He gave up all to the soldiers. He would do no less than the proud Friedlander, reckless, if by so doing, he destroyed the richest sources whereon he depended. He allowed the soldiers to rob and plunder; and Saxony was the promised land of these lawless bands, which they wasted like a swarm of locusts. He was, also, anxious to compel the admiration of the Duke by some brilliant deed of arms, and thought of taking Erfurt by storm in passing, as it had only a small garrison; but in marching to Gräfentonna for this purpose, he received the intelligence of Gustavus Adolphus's advance. He hastened

quickly to pass the Unstrut, marched to Tennstädt, and from thence by forced marches by way of Buttstädt to the Saale, which he passed at Kosen, to effect his junction with Wallenstein between Naumburg and Weissenfells.

The Duke of Friedland, whose army was on the heights behind Weissenfells, had ridden forward to Plotho, to meet Pappenheim; and here they met. It was at once a glorious spectacle, and one weighty in its consequences, to see these two armies, which were moving from north to south to desolate Saxony. But more so still, to observe the two commanders, who, so alike in ambition, stratagem, and spirit of enterprize, differed only in this, that to Pappenheim, posterity was all in all; while Wallenstein knew, also, how to prize life, with all its external pomp. They had never before stood in such near relation to each other; and, indeed, had only casually seen each other at a time when they were both comparatively of little note.

Pappenheim, surrounded by a few officers, rode upon his battle-horse, at the head of his cavalry, in simple black armour, a plain black

feather adorned his helmet; and nought distinguished him from his officers, except his warlike bearing, and the fire-glance of his eyes. The Duke, who rode a Spanish barb, covered with costly trappings, was simply, but splendidly dressed. A red sash hung over his shoulder, and a similar one was worn by all his officers. He greeted Pappenheim in a friendly manner, though somewhat reserved, expressed his satisfaction at the junction of the two armies, and in courteous terms commended the rapidity of Pappenheim's marches, by which alone this had been effected; but all was done with the lofty dignity of a Sovereign Prince.

Whilst the Friedlander was speaking, Pappenheim had regarded him attentively. The Duke's speech had not answered his expectations; he had hoped for hearty acknowledgment, and he earned only praise, neither did he recognize the picture he had drawn to himself of Wallenstein. It is true that the Friedlander's eye was fiery and quick, and in his whole bearing was grace and dignity; but the form of power which Pappenheim had expected in the man who was the idol of the

soldiery, he did not find. Wallenstein's features were languid, his body seemed suffering, and while he spoke, he was visibly often suffering anguish and pain, and the body could not follow the spirit's lofty flights.

Pappenheim returned the friendly greeting with the respect due to the Commander, but also with the consciousness of inward worth; and it might be observed that he weighed his words carefully, and appeared more fearful of saying too much, than too little.

"Let the army defile," commanded the Duke, "I am curious to see your creation, for, as far as I am aware, the regiments which you have brought me, have been raised and organized by yourself, and I ever rejoice to look upon a warlike body, which is the work of the Commander's own hand; they may recruit regiments at Vienna and Munich, and send them well equipped to the field, but they are but lifeless machines, the warlike spirit is wanting—the spirit which, springing from the mind of the Commander, spreads through an army, and unites it in one inseparable brotherhood striving after the same aim."

Meantime the cuirassiers had marched up, Wallenstein looked at them narrowly, but no gesture betrayed his opinion, his countenance remained cold. When these had passed by, came the cannon. "Fine, capital cannon," cried the Friedlander. They were followed by the infantry, Pappenheim's regiment leading, followed by those of Savelli and Wangler, wearing green, yet somewhat faded, oak sprigs on their steel caps.

"What regiments are those with the oak leaves in their morions?" asked he.

"Those are the Pappenheimers," cried Holk, who just now galloped up.

"I beg of you to halt them, and let them form line," said Wallenstein to the Field-Marshal, who, without troubling himself, signed to Colonel Officuz and gave him the necessary orders. When the regiments were drawn up, the Friedlander rode slowly down their line, narrowly inspected them all, rode through each rank, and then down the front, stopped here for an instant, and looked once more over their line, and then said to Officuz:

"Truly, Colonel, it does an old soldier's heart

good to see such a body of men; the exploit of the Pappenheimers at Leipsic was the only star of victory, which set not in the flight. Tell your regiments that the Duke of Friedland honours Pappenheim's infantry and that to-morrow, the Field Pay-master shall disburse all their arrears of pay. I will thus distinguish them before the rest of the army."

"Most gracious Sir," said the frank-hearted Officuz interrupting the Duke, whose forehead grew stern, a little too soon, "with pay the Pappenheimers are not honoured. He is but a poor soldier who cannot willingly serve without pay, and for our General, the noble Count Pappenheim, we would sacrifice blood and life."

"Colonel Officuz," said Wallenstein angrily, "I am not fond of many words in my subordinates." He turned his horse and rode back to his first position, and gave orders for the march.

During the review of his Walloons, Pappenheim had not spoken a word. Whether it was pride or craft, and a wish to learn to know his man first without giving advantages,

be it as it may, he had been silent; and not until the last regiment had passed, and the Duke invited him to accompany him to Weissenfells to dinner, did he, courteously accepting the invitation, follow the Duke and enter into conversation with him.

He there found many old acquaintances at table, many of his former comrades, but what struck him was, that none of his old cavalry officers, not even Holk, was present. The meal was sumptuous, the domestics numerous, and all was princely and splendid in its arrangement; but Pappenheim did not find it here at the Friedlander's table, as at Tilly's, where every one was at liberty freely to express his opinion, so long as he said nought against the Kaiser, the League, and subordination; neither as at his own table, where cheerfulness reigned, and the warrior caroused jovially, without feeling constrained by the bonds of ceremony. All here was still, no one ventured to speak aloud, each one hearkened to the words of the mighty Wallenstein alone, who ate but little, drank less, and conversed with none but Pappenheim and the Abbot of Fulda, who was with the

army, and sometimes addressed a question to Generals Gallas, Tiefenbach or Piccolomini.

The banquet was soon at an end. Wallenstein signed to Pappenheim to follow him, and entered his cabinet with him. They seated themselves, and a page brought two goblets, and a large silver can filled with Tokay, which he poured out, and placed by Pappenheim.

The Duke now directed several questions to him, concerning his army and the state of things in Lower Saxony and Westphalia; he inquired particularly whether Pappenheim had well secured the fortresses on the Weser, and by degrees led the discourse upon the method in which the latter had formed his army with such a lack of means, and sought to penetrate more closely into the relations between this commander, and his Lord, the Elector of Bavaria and the other Princes of the League.

Pappenheim evaded all these questions, especially those which concerned his relations with the League, but furnished the Duke with an accurate military report upon all other points,

and gave him exact information as to the state of the war upon the Weser.

"Methinks," the Duke now begun, after a short reflection, " methinks, that at the present period no war can any longer be carried on in Germany, unless the commander's powerful hand holds at once sword and sceptre. I mean," said he, explanatorily, as he marked Pappenheim's surprise at this ambiguous speech, which he had not sufficiently concealed, " I mean that the commander should have power over the revenues of the land where he is working; that he alone should be lord paramount there, and have the power to reward, to punish, and have liberty to soar to the highest points of enterprize, unchecked. That the Swede is king in his camp, gave him superiority against Tilly, who was but a servant of the Court and of the Jesuits, and powerless in action, though of energetic will, and lofty talent; and, therefore," he continued, looking up with pride, " I have, before I raised this army, made myself free and unfettered by Vienna, and stand independent among my warriors, who have drawn together from every land to fight under my colours; and it appears to me

that, if not in outward form, yet, in fact, you stand in nearly a like position in the army of the League, as I in that of the Emperor and the Catholic Princes."

"You err, my Lord Duke," replied Pappenheim, regarding Wallenstein narrowly, "I receive all my orders from Munich."

"Did you also receive them when you crossed the Rhine, and went to Maestricht?" said the Friedlander abruptly.

Pappenheim smiled.

"Know, Count Pappenheim, that when I received intelligence of your march," and the Bavarian could not conceal his vexation, "I rejoiced, for it was a bold enterprize, honourable to the warrior, and venturous in the subject. This act gained you my complete confidence, for it showed me that, relying upon yourself, you loved bold actions."

Here Wallenstein extended his hand to him, which Pappenheim grasped cordially; he gave it with the frankness of a soldier, yet the dignity of the Prince was visible in the act. Pappenheim's smile had made Wallenstein exactly acquainted with the inward feelings of the man.

"Your regiments are encamped at Rippach," he continued, after a short silence; entirely breaking off the former subject. "To-morrow I shall send Holk towards Leipsic; you can rest here for some days. I need you not before Leipsic."

He rose quickly, and returned to the hall with Pappenheim, where they found the other Generals assembled.

Pappenheim rode back to his army; he found them encamped at Rippach, and was surprised at noticing from a distance that the cavalry were still drawn up in array; but he was still more astonished when he found his old regiments here, with Holk at their head.

Wallenstein, who neglected no point by which he could secure the devotion of his subordinates, and who was particularly anxious to conciliate Pappenheim, had ordered Holk to lead the cuirassier regiments, which, under the name of Pappenheimers, had been so terrible, until the day of Leipsic, to Pappenheim's camp. They were the complete regiments of Don Balthasar, Piccolomini, Corona, and of Colonel Bongart, who had remained upon the field at Leipsic;

who, with green garlands on their helmets, and with fluttering standards, now awaited their old General, under whose leading they soon hoped to wipe out the stain of Leipsic.

Holk rode to meet the Field-Marshal.

"You will wonder at seeing me, Count Pappenheim," said he in not the most conciliating tone, "after the muster of Halberstadt. At the Duke of Friedland's command I have brought you your old regiments, and herewith my commission is at an end—and to-morrow I march for Leipsic. Farewell."

He was about to depart, when Pappenheim held him back.

"Holk," said he, giving him his hand, "among all my comrades you are the one whom I can least bear to have displeased with me. Forget the day of Halberstadt, and remain my friend."

Holk, in his heart devoted to Pappenheim, shook his hand heartily, and peace was quickly re-established between them.

The trumpets now flourished in salute; the regiments remained stern and silent; and as Pappenheim approached no cry of jubilee re-

ceived him—the old bands were still sullen; however, as he rode down their line, joy beamed from his eyes at seeing his old companions in victory again.

As he called out to each regiment a hearty welcome as he passed, and spoke confidentially with several of the officers, and even to many of the old cuirassiers, the old affection awoke, "Welcome, Count Pappenheim," echoed from rank to rank, and the stern silence was broken, and loud huzzas burst forth; while even the mettled horses seemed to take part in the joy of their riders, and neighed and pawed the earth with their feet, disquieted by the clamour.

When the Reiters had dismounted and retired to their place of encampment, Pappenheim begged of Holk to tell the Duke that he had greatly obliged him by this mark of attention.

"And tell him," he continued, "that the obligation would have been greater still, if I had not missed my old jolly friends the Holkish dragoons among them."

"They are content as it is," replied Holk, and in his answer was a mixture of scorn and frankness; "they are well content from henceforth

with the name of Holk's, and accompany me to-morrow to Leipsic."

Pappenheim smiled, and when Holk left him, said to those around him!

"A name is easily won—but of what kind? that is the question."

On this day Wallenstein had achieved his object, and had bound Pappenheim to himself, and the sequel of their service together united them still more closely.

CHAPTER XIV.

Gustavus Adolphus had united his army with that of Duke Bernhard, and had arrived at Arnstädt, where he gave his troops some days of repose; the laborious marches from Bavaria, through the Hungarian forests, and in this rough time of year, had wearied them, and the gun teams especially required rest. The King himself went to Erfurt, where he found Duke William of Weimar, who had been here confined for some months by severe illness; on his departure soon after, he left the Queen behind, and as if he had anticipated his fate, his parting from her was more sad and affectionate than usual. He advanced to Buttstädt,

went by way of Kosen, across the Saale, and threw up an entrenched camp at Naumburg, while Wallenstein remained quiet in position behind Weissenfells. Meantime Holk had made himself master of Leipsic and the Pleissenburg, and Pappenheim, with eight regiments of cavalry, including the four which bore the name of Pappenheimers, and six of infantry (the regiments under Officuz he had left with Wallenstein), had moved towards Halle, to the investment of Moritzburg, and also to prevent the junction of the Duke of Luneburg with the Swedes.

Wallenstein, although he had at first been of opinion that Gustavus would not attack him while so inferior in numbers to himself, but would rather seek a firm footing in Thuringia, on account of winter quarters, saw now, however, speedily, by the entrenched position which the King had taken up at Naumburg, that he was merely waiting for the Saxons and the Luneburgers to join him, before he attacked; he therefore moved into the plain of Lützen, where he could better use his cavalry, which he believed superior to that of

the Swedes, in both number and quality, and at the same time, by this move, interposed himself between the Saxons, who were at Torgau, and the Swedes, and so prevented their union. But scarce was he in the plain of Lützen before Gustavus broke up his camp at Naumburg and followed him; he came up with the rear-guard of the Imperialists at the Bridge of Rippach, and a smart action was only discontinued by the night. Wallenstein now, who had moved into the position he had chosen on the field for his army, sent an order to Pappenheim to raise the siege of Moritzburg as quickly as possible, and move to join him. Pappenheim received this order the next day, as he was just preparing to storm; he rapidly made the necessary arrangements, and towards nine o'clock, set forth with cavalry and infantry to join the Duke.

When he reached the heights of Beesen, he ordered the infantry to follow, and hurried on with the cavalry. Trotting over the plain along the Saale, with his eight cavalry regiments, he saw at a distance, on the road from Skopau, horsemen, who seemed to be in haste, for they were riding towards him at full gallop; without

allowing himself to be delayed in his march, he kept them in view. Not far from Dolitz, they overtook him, it was Max Hohendorf, with one domestic.

"Thou here, Maximilian, and at this moment!" cried Pappenheim, overjoyed.

"You wished it, and your wish is ever a command to me," replied the latter; "and, moreover, something urged me once more to seek the battle before I sheathe my sword, and lay by my armour: thus I parted from my Hedwig, and am here to strive, by you, for victory, though I can scarcely sit upon my horse."

Pappenheim pressed his hand; they now rode aside, and the Field-Marshal's first question was for Anna. Since her last disappearance, Hohendorf had not seen her, and the news which Pappenheim gave him was not calculated to diminish his anxiety. Pappenheim now learned, for the first time, what had befallen in Halberstadt; of the appearance of Moritz Trausdorf; of the union of Clara with Adolph Hohendorf, who was now fighting in the Swedish army. He also learned that Max was

resolved after this battle, to return home, and take Hedwig with him.

All these accounts had made Pappenheim thoughtful; notwithstanding that his whole mind should have been upon the coming battle.

"Maximilian," said he, earnestly, "should I fall, care for Anna as her brother. I have been mindful of her in my last will, which I drew up some days ago, but gold helps little where the heart is afflicted;" he became silent, sunk again into thought, and looked fixedly before him. His Friesland horse neighed joyously, he remarked it not; the regiment of Piccolomini, as they trotted past saluted him, but he did not perceive it: his soul was far from the fight. Suddenly he drew up, and stopped his horse, whose mettle he had already unconsciously curbed.

"Max," said he, "I was just thinking upon the battle of Prague; the year ominous and full of fate has begun, perchance this may be the decisive day;" he was silent, and cast a gloomy look at the sun, which shone but palely through the clouds.

Then the cannon thundered in the plains of

Lützen, and with this thunder his dreamy feelings were roused to new life.

"Hearest thou the royals?" he cried; "hearest thou the thunder? it calls me;" and with a loosened rein, he dashed to the head of his cavalry. "This day—this day only, let victory be with me!" he exclaimed, and galloped to the field.

CHAPTER XV.

It was on the 6th of November, 1632, that the army of Gustavus Adolphus, drew out between Kaya and Rocken. Already, before break of day, Wallenstein had taken up his position between the Flössgraben and Lützen, which he set on fire, in order to prevent the Swedes from occupying it. His army was, according to the old custom, in two battles, the cavalry on the wings, the infantry in the centre in five deep masses, in each of which the pikemen formed a large square, and the musketeers a smaller one at each corner of the larger. The army stood three hundred paces behind the road leading from Lützen to Markranstädt,

and the ditches on both sides of the road were lined with musketeers, and also defended by seven half-royals; on the other side of the Flössgraben was posted Isolani, with the Croats, and near the windmill, fourteen half-royals were in battery.

After Gustavus had taken a view of Wallenstein's position, he moved more to the right, and leaving the burning village of Lützen on his left, and the Flössgraben on the right, he formed his line of battle, opposite to the Imperialists. The right wing composed of Swedes, he commanded himself, Duke Bernhard of Weimar commanded the left, and Generals Knyphausen and Brahe, the infantry. His army was arranged like that of the Imperialists: the cavalry on the wings, and the infantry in the centre; however, between the cavalry regiments, as at Leipsic, he had posted detachments of musketeers, and had drawn up the body of his infantry in brigades, exclusive of the detachment with Pappenheim, at Halle. Wallenstein's army was thirty thousand strong, and the Swedes twenty-three thousand.

A thick mist now spread over the whole

field, as if, on this ominous day, the sun would hide his friendly countenance, and as if he had summoned the clouds to roll between the armies, so dark and gloomy did they wave over the field of Lützen; they did not begin to dissipate until towards mid-day, when the beams of the sun broke out, and greeted the Swedish army, which was engaged in its morning devotions in solemn silence. When these were finished, the King rode down the line, encouraged the soldiers with an energetic address, and then gave orders for the attack.

The Imperialists received the advancing Swedes with a fire from their half-royals; but in spite of the murderous fire, the Swedish infantry valiantly attacked the musketeers in the ditches, and drove them out, taking the seven pieces of cannon. The yellow regiment of the King's guard then advanced, supported by the blue, upon the great squares of the Imperial foot, and after a sanguinary fight, succeeded in overthrowing two of them; but, on undauntedly pressing on to attack the third of these colossi, were compelled to give way before the mass of the Imperial infantry, and Holk's regiment of horse. The conquered cannon were

lost, and the Swedes drew back fighting to the ditches. At this critical moment, the King hastened up with the Steinbock and Finnland cavalry, who could not clear the ditches, to the support of the retiring infantry as quickly as he wished; he dashed, full of impatience, to the front, only accompanied by the Duke Adolph of Sachs Lauenburg, and one officer of his suite; but scarcely a hundred yards beyond the ditches, a ball struck him and shattered his arm. At this instant, the cavalry advanced over the ditches: he commanded the attack, and then begged the Duke of Lauenburg, in a low tone, to lead him back, as his arm gave him great pain; but as he once more turned his horse, to watch the issue of the cavalry charge, he received a second shot, in the back, and sinking from his horse, with the exclamation of: "Oh, God! my God!" expired. The bullet of an assassin had cut him down in the midst of his heroic career; and contemporaries as well as posterity have accused the Duke of Lauenburg* of the deed.

* This accusation appears to rest upon very doubtful grounds. At such a moment, and in such a position, Gustavus might easily have received a mortal wound,

Thus ended Gustavus Adolphus, the sword of victory in his grasp, he fell upon the battle-field. The Genius of Germany mourned him: Death has hallowed his memory to posterity; as the champion of his faith, and not as a conqueror, he went before his Judge pure and free from crime; and the day of Lützen, which might have proved the grave of the virtues of the victor, became by his death the most brilliant memorial of his fame.

The Steinbock and Finnland regiments had, meantime, restored the battle, and the Swedish infantry attacked a-fresh. Duke Bernhard of Weimar also, whose flank had suffered considerably from the hostile cannon, by the windmills, and who had retired, now put himself at the head of his cavalry, overthrew everything before him, and took the guns by a rapid charge. Some waggons of ammunition, which had been placed behind the Imperial line, not far from the gallows, blew up, and spread a panic terror. At this decisive moment, the

and the whole affair rests in darkness; but it is fair to say, that if some authorities affirm, as many deny, the fact.

Swedes attacked on all points, and the Imperialists lines everywhere gave way. The victory was the Swedes.

But now, from the direction of Schladebach, might be seen a rolling cloud of dust, and as the rising storm divided, a large body of cavalry were perceived advancing to the field at a trot. It was Pappenheim, with his four thousand cuirassiers. Duke Bernhard, who had taken the command, after the death of the King, as soon as he perceived the Pappenheimers, stopped the pursuit, ordered his regiments anew, and commanded the cavalry of the left wing, supported by a brigade of infantry, to advance and oppose Pappenheim's cuirassiers.

This General, unrestrained by the general flight of the army in his course, trotted briskly on with his regiments, and for the first time, on arriving in the neighbourhood of Eutsch, he halted, and drew up the cavalry, the four regiments of Pappenheimers in the first line, and the cuirassiers of the League in support; allowed his horses to breathe, and rode the while to the gentle rise, from which he could overlook the field.

He here found Wallenstein, sitting upon a litter, to which he had been confined the whole day, by the most excruciating torments of gout. Dignity and calmness beamed upon his features —no lost battle was to be read in his countenance. With stern seriousness, he gave the necessary orders to lead the retreating regiments back into the fire; for since he had seen the arrival of Pappenheim and his cuirassiers, he no longer doubted of victory.

"Welcome, Count Pappenheim," he exclaimed. "Know that the Swedish King has been slain."

"Then is a great man fallen!" returned Pappenheim, "a great King, a mighty Commander: and yet do I find you here, and the victory rent from your grasp."

"With you she will return, Count Pappenheim," replied the Duke courteously, though he could not entirely suppress or conceal his anger at Pappenheim's bold speech; "the point by the windmill is the most important, direct your attack upon that"

Pappenheim, without replying to the Duke, cast a sharp glance over the battle-field.

"It is so," he cried, after a time; "on the possession of the height, on the reconquest of the cannon, hangs the fate of the battle. My way leads thither. Farewell, my Lord Duke; you see me as a victor, or never more."

He dashed back to his cuirassiers.

"Pappenheimers!" he called to them, "there stands the enemy—be Leipsic your war-cry, and now follow me."

"Vengeance for Leipsic!" shouted the scarred warriors, clashing their swords; and like a dark tempest-cloud shooting forth lightnings, rushes thundering over mountains and valleys, so did this valiant band, their General at their head, rush upon their advancing foe.

It was the German cavalry with which they first came in contact—it gave back, naught could withstand the impetuous attack of the cuirassiers. The brigade of infantry was overthrown, and without collecting themselves, without listening to a command, the Pappenheimers threw themselves with wild courage upon the masses of the Swedish infantry, which received them with levelled pikes, and a regular fire of musketry; but their ranks also were pierced

and broken, they retreated over the ditches the royals near the windmills were recaptured, and the already won victory wrested from the Swedes.

When Duke Bernhard again rallied and ordered his cavalry on the other side of the road, the ditches of which were still maintained by his musketeers, the cuirassiers without Pappenheim's orders, rushed impetuously upon the ditches thus defended. Three times did they set on, and three times were they repulsed by the fire of musketry and cannon, and as, furious at the failure of the attack, they were about to form afresh, Duke Bernhard, who observed the masses of the Imperial infantry and the reformed cavalry about to advance, broke through once more with his squadrons, and beat back the scattered enemy, still fighting, to the rear of the windmills, and again took the cannon; but Pappenheim had quickly rallied his men, and strengthened by two regiments, he again charged the Swedes, drove them back, and again recovered the cannon, and repulsed the enemy beyond the ditches.

Duke Bernhard then put himself at the head of the Finnland, West-Gotha, and Upländ regi-

ments of cavalry, the old body-guards of the Swedish Hero; ordered the blue, yellow, and his own green regiment to support, and attacked Pappenheim; but also, this old unconquered band of the Swedes were compelled to give ground before the cuirassiers, who now threw themselves upon the infantry; and regardless of the multitudes of their comrades, who, victims to their courage, fell under the stroke of pike and shot—under the eye of their General, and shouting aloud their war-cry, they rushed like a hurricane upon the foe, and at length broke through the unconquered Swedes, and once more forced them back across the ditches. The fight was now discontinued for a time, as Pappenheim was compelled to await the arrival of his infantry, which moved but slowly, before he could attack the ditches with success. He was also obliged to allow his horsemen time to breathe, for an hour past they had been fighting, alone and unassisted, in the efforts which had called back victory to their banners. He profited by the momentary lull to ride to the rear, and get the wounds he had received in the last struggle bound up.

"Methinks, Max," said he to Hohendorf, who was looking anxiously at his wounds, "methinks that this bullet, which grazed my arm, was Fate's greeting which thus announces to me this day her warning; we are not yet at the end of our day's work, 'tis true, but Fortune appears again to smile; but to wrestle with her and win her favours will yet cost blood, and perchance my own."

As the surgeon finished binding his wounds, he galloped back to his regiments, who had suffered greatly in the last attack, and had drawn up opposite to the Swedish right wing. Gallas had now brought up the infantry, and was advancing on the road. The Swedish guns opened a murderous and effective fire upon these densely crowded masses, which were again occupying the lost ground; so that both armies were now standing nearly in the same position as at first, except that the Swedes were now in possession of the ditches, and the cannon of the Imperialists was, for the most part, spiked and unserviceable. The victory was still undecided.

In the Swedish army, the King's death had

only now become generally known: but it did not daunt these regiments—it rather inflamed them with the fierce desire of revenge. Duke Bernhard rode through their ranks, with that calm tranquillity which, in the most critical moments, never forsook him. He ordered the troops afresh—formed the infantry into eight thick close masses, in one line, and putting himself at the head of the Swedish cavalry, ordered a general attack. The infantry, under Brahe and Knyphausen, followed the movements of the cavalry; and the left wing, commanded by Prince Ernest of Anhalt, passed the ditches at the same moment, and advanced upon the windmills, where Holk commanded.

"Think upon your King!" exclaimed Bernhard of Weimar, "and avenge his death!"

And at these words, he caused the attack to be sounded, and advanced against Pappenheim, who, without waiting the assault, rushed on to meet him. But this time the Swedes withstood his impetuosity, for they were intent upon revenge for their King and Father's death. The strife was murderous, but undecided—now the Swedes, and now the Pappenheimers gained

ground; but just now the Imperial infantry entered the fight, and the Swedes rushed furiously against them.

"Gustavus Adolphus!" cried they.

"Jesus Maria!" shouted the Imperialists.

The muskets roared, the pikes crossed, the *mêlée* was general. Victory wavered here and there. Now Prince Anhalt, with the left wing, again won the cannon for the third time. He caused the fugitives to be pursued, and cast himself upon the infantry, which valiantly resisted the Swedes; and sent three regiments of German cavalry to aid the right wing, which decided the fight upon this point also. The cuirassiers of the League fled—the Pappenheimers yielded, however, only to force of numbers, and, step by step, covering the retreat of their comrades. Then did Pappenheim once more collect the flying soldiers—put himself at the head of his devoted band, and just as he was upon the point of leading them on to a last decisive attack, a ball from a falconet struck him upon the hip, bore him to the earth, and barred the victorious charge of his horsemen, who, starting aside, drew in their bridles.

"On, now, Pappenheimers!" cried the wounded man. "On, over me!—on, on to victory!"

And, dividing right and left, the cuirassiers, casting a last look upon their commander, rushed forward to avenge his fate. They dashed against the Swedish regiments, which, led by Duke Bernhard, were upon the point of attacking a body of Imperial foot, who, on this point, forcing the Swedes before them, were approaching the ditches. The Pappenheimers recognized the body standard of their General in the centre of this body, and also Colonel Officuz, and with the wild shout of "The Pappenheimers," threw themselves on the cavalry to rescue their brothers in arms.

But in the breasts of the Swedes also glowed the hot flame of vengeance, and still more holy than in their own. Like the Pappenheimers, they had lost their Father, General, and, more than all, their knightly King. Fearful was the strife which now began—man to man—desperation against desperation. They fought for victory, honour, and revenge. As the old and wary tiger, engaged in contest with the youth-

ful lion, collecting his last energies, seizes with a bold spring upon his waving, bristling mane, whilst the lion, with his powerful claws, rends the more tender parts of the tiger, and both, strength against strength, fury against fury, rend and tear, regardless of the blood flowing from their mutual wounds—so did the Pappenheimers struggle for their lost fame, and their fallen leader, against the Swedes, who fought the fight of vengeance for their King. Hundreds fell—it troubled them not; brother sunk down beside brother—he regarded it not; and from under the trampling hoofs of the horses, still did the fallen shout their war-cry to their fighting comrades. He who was struck with the hostile steel pressed his left hand upon the streaming wound, while, with his right, he still fought exulting till his latest breath. Then sank the scale. The regiment of Steinbock penetrated the infantry square. The Finns broke through the serried ranks of the cuirassiers. Death made a fearful harvest in their ranks. Not one sought to shun his stroke by flight. Covered with wounds, and fighting still, these heroes fell—a little band panting

still for victory. But their star had set with their leader. The regiments were annihilated on the field of Lützen, and the name of the Pappenheimers, so long at the pinnacle of fame, was laid low, until it rose again, to the admiration of posterity, in the song of the high famed poet (Schiller).

It sank—the Terror of Northern Germany had fallen. One day had shattered into fragments what the heroic spirit of the greatest of German warriors had been years in creating—the Pappenheimers were destroyed—the flower of the Catholic armies was no more.

Still, terrible and bloody, raged the fight, until night, casting her dark shadows over the blood-drenched earth, parted the combatants. Wallenstein gave orders for a retreat, left battle-field and cannon to the Swedes, and retired to Leipsic.

Thus ended the Battle of Lützen, remarkable in its incidents, and most important in its consequences.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE storm raged, and dark clouds moved rapidly across the starless heavens, and, at times, might still be heard in the distance, the thunder of a cannon, as a body of soldiers silently issued from the gates of Markranstädt. The tower clock was just striking six, as it moved slowly through the spreading darkness of the night, whose gloom was only faintly illumined by the torches which flared in the wind. It was Pappenheim, who, laid upon a litter, and accompanied by Hohendorf, a surgeon, and a few horsemen and pikemen, was being taken to Leipsic. He had, as yet, spoken no word; had allowed, without a sound, the painful application

of the bandages; and only, when they were leaving Markranstädt, and the tumult of the fight, and the fire of musketry, died away yet more and more, and only an occasional report of a cannon broke upon the stillness of the night, did he murmur to himself:

"These are the last sighs of my glory—the battle is lost."

And only at intervals did he look up kindly at Hohendorf, and seemed to thank him, with a glance, for not deserting him.

They had not long proceeded thus, in dull silence, when a wild clatter arose behind them, and some Croats dashed hurriedly by, harnessed horsemen followed.

"All is lost," cried the fugitives, and galloped past without tarrying to answer Hohendorf's questions. More soon followed; infantry also came up in disorder; and fortunate it was that Wallenstein had, already, on the morning of the battle, sent back luggage and followers to Leipsic, or it would have been most difficult for the pikemen, who bore the litter, to have protected the Field-Marshal, and have made their way. Pappenheim spoke not, he remained

silent through all; he was inwardly and deeply wounded, spirit as well as body was smitten.

In the midst of the crowded flight did he collect, as do the withering flowers, the dew-drops of recollection in his mind—the fair days of his heroic youth passed before his eyes; the brilliant moments of his past life threw their light on his already darkening path towards death; and he yet luxuriated in the sweet enjoyment of past greatness, and heeded nought about or near him. But these retrospections led him to the ending of his course; then he cast a glance beyond, and the pleasing dream of life was gone. Retribution strode warning before him; and wherever he looked, backward or forward, everywhere was night. And now he was roused, by a rough halt, from his meditations. Holk's well-known voice called upon the bearers to stand, and cried out to him:

"How goes it, Count Pappenheim?"

Pappenheim raised his head.

"So long as the spark of life still glimmers," replied he, with a still powerful voice, "it goes well; but ere long it will expire."

"So long as it yet gleams, there is still

hope," replied Holk. "I had fain have met you at Lützen, and not here," continued he indignantly; "can scarcely yet believe that we are all upon the retirade, which the Duke has unprofitably commanded. He now sees the consequences. A second battle had lost him fewer people than this night's flight."

"Where are my regiments?" interrupted Pappenheim.

Holk was silent.

"Where are my regiments? Where is Officuz?" repeated he, with vehement and anxious questioning "I would—oh, how gladly would I once more see them defile before me! Even through the night could my eyes behold them."

"They were,—friend," replied Holk, deeply moved.—"They fell like heroes—not one fled; like brothers do they lie, breast to breast. Small is the space which death allots them, but great the temple of their fame. Farewell, Count Pappenheim!" said he after a pause, "should we ever meet again, may it be on a happier evening."

He galloped on.

"They sunk; all, all!" said Pappenheim, with

emotion. "Well, we soon shall meet again; and now, forward," said he.

And they silently approached the gates of Leipsic.

"To what house shall I bring you?" asked Hohendorf, who had been deeply affected by Holk's narration.

Pappenheim reflected for a moment, and then replied:

"Bear me to the Pleissenburg. So long as God grants me life, the Swedes shall find no entrance. At any rate, I will not fall alive into their hands."

As they were entering the gates of Leipsic, a young man joined their company, wrapped in a cloak, a barrette cap upon his head; and, in the bustle, no one noticed him as he followed Pappenheim over the drawbridge of the Pleissenburg.

When he had been borne into a chamber, and placed upon a bed, the surgeon wished to remove the bandage, which he had hastily applied upon the field.

"Sir," said Pappenheim, regarding him with a steady glance, "your eye betrayed your

opinion to me yet upon the field. For me there is no help? Speak openly. He who, as I have done, has often looked Death in the face trembles not at his approach. Speak?"

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders.

"I understand you," he continued; "and, therefore, leave me in peace. Why should I pass my last moments in anguish. Courageous and free—lord of my own will—will I pass hence, even as I have walked through life; and so farewell."

He commanded the surgeon to withdraw, and with a cheerful manner took leave of his comrades, and dismissed them. Hohendorf alone he suffered to remain. When they were alone he extended to him his hand.

"Faithful friend," said he, "I believe Tilly was happy in being able to say at Aschaffenberg: 'Still, in the hour of death will I believingly exclaim, Lord I have done Thy will, and cheerfully can I pass hence.' I cannot say that, for I feel that what I did was not God's will. But, Hohendorf, I can nevertheless, pass hence with joy, for I did as my spirit bade me, and believed that I did right. May God for-

give me for my opinions, and my proud self-confidence."

"That He will," said Hohendorf. "He is merciful. Put your trust in Him."

At these words the door was opened, and Anna rushed in. She was the mantled figure, who had followed Pappenheim. The cry that would have broken from her anxious heart died upon her lips. She sank down upon Pappenheim's couch, seized his hand, and watered it with her tears.

"Thou here!" said Pappenheim, in a soft voice, and apparently joyfully surprised by the maiden's appearance; "thou here, dear Anna!"

But she could utter no word. The appearance of the man, who pale, and parting from his beautiful, powerful existence lay dying before her, stifled her utterance. She sprang up, drew a deep breath, and looked upon him with the most fervent love, and then again bowed herself upon her knees.

"Father!" she at length exclaimed, from the depths of her labouring heart, "Father, forgive him all his faults, as I forgive him."

"Anna," besought Hohendorf, and strove to raise her, "disturb not the last moments which man must dedicate to God. Pain him not with thy complaints. Leave him now."

"Leave him!" cried she, in anger; "leave him! Must I not die with him?"

"Leave her" said Pappenheim; "let Anna stay."

"I thank thee, Pappenheim, that you permit me to stay by you," said she kindly; "that in the stern hour of death you repulse not my heart. I will not disturb your devotions; I will pray too with you, for God hears also the prayer of the repentant sinner."

"Will you allow me now to call a priest, that you may receive extreme unction?" asked Hohendorf.

Pappenheim reflected.

"Let him come," begged Anna; "reconcile yourself with God."

Hohendorf left the chamber to fetch the priest, Anna remained with Pappenheim alone.

"And must you really die?" asked she now, after regarding him sadly for a time; "is there no hope?"

" None," answered he.

She looked for an instant down, and then raising her eyes to him, stroked the locks back from his forehead; her look became more fervent, a blush overspread her countenance: some struggle was evidently going on within her—some wish was pressing to her lips, which yet a stronger power withheld. Pappenheim also remarked it.

" Dost thou wish aught from me? speak freely."

She nodded affirmatively.

" I have remembered thee in my last will. Hohendorf will care for thee."

She shook her head, with a tearful glance at him, as he spoke.

" Dost thou wish for a remembrance of me?" asked he.

" No," said she; " nothing to awaken recollection."

" Then speak; what dost thou wish?" said he, somewhat impatiently.

At this moment Hohendorf entered. She stooped over Pappenheim and said, softly:

"I would so fain hear once more the voice of thy heart."

"At the gates of Death," replied Pappenheim, "life has a different appearance, and all things show themselves in their true light. Now do I recognize thy heart, and know my own, and feel that I loved thee already when thou didst rend from me the poisoned cup!"

She pressed his hand to her heart, and imprinted a light kiss upon his lips.

"I thank thee, Pappenheim," said she; "this thy word has caused heaven to open upon me."

At this moment the priest entered—Hohendorf beckoned her, and they retired to another room.

"How came you here?" asked Hohendorf, when they were alone.

"My foreboding drove me to Leipsic," answered she, thoughtfully.

"And what wilt thou now do?"

"Care not for me; care only for him," replied she, calmly. "God will surely have

mercy upon me!" Tears streamed from her eyes as she spoke.

Hohendorf now returned to the wounded man, leaving Anna behind, and entered just as the priest was going out.

"Hohendorf," cried Pappenheim, and his voice seemed weaker, "the heart would gladly believe the consoling words of the priest, but the spirit strives against them; I can only trust in the mercy of my God. Where is Anna?" asked he, after a pause.

"Count Pappenheim," besought Hohendorf, "let the unhappy one rest; leave earthly things, and think upon your soul's weal."

"Hohendorf," said Pappenheim, earnestly, "I have closed my account, and I go before God's throne with confidence, as here I would enter my Emperor's presence. What hangs over me, moments of anxiety and fear cannot change; the deeds of years, a few short moments of repentance cannot expiate. I have acted as I believed right, and with this consciousness I go before my Judge." These

words, spoken with vehemence, had weakened him, and he sunk exhausted back. "Call Anna to me," he said, softly; "the midnight hour hath now long struck, and the morning nears; but no morrow dawns for me, my day went down with victory. Call the maiden."

When Anna entered with Hohendorf, he beckoned her to draw nearer.

"You two," said he, with a quivering voice, "you have been to me the most faithful of all earthly beings. Thee, Hohendorf, I have benefitted, thou hast been a thankful being, and hast withheld me from many a deed of which I had otherwise now to give account; thou, unhappy one—" his voice failed him, and he could only lay his hand upon the head of the kneeling girl, "thou," at last he continued, after he had recovered, "thou, whom I have rendered wretched, thou hast clung to me with love, even to death, and hast forgiven me, I thank thee; fare thee well!" His hand sunk from the maiden's head; his eyes closed.

Anna shrunk affrighted, bowed herself over him, and listened to his breathing; his breast still heaved, and the last breath of life lingered upon his lips. She listened long, and then said softly to him, so that Hohendorf could not catch her words:

"Tarry but an instant. I come now, and follow thee." She raised herself, and turning to Hohendorf, said: "He sleeps, and I too am weary; dear Maximilian, if I should slumber, awake me not." She knelt at the foot of the bed, folded her hands, and laid her head down at Pappenheim's feet, whilst Hohendorf watched every breath.

The door suddenly opened, with a noise. The Duke of Friedland entered, followed by Gallas and several old comrades of Pappenheim's. As the Duke approached the bed of the dying man, and without remarking that he slept, addressed him in a friendly tone, Pappenheim opened his eyes, and collecting his last strength to raise himself:

"Wallenstein!" said he, with a still powerful voice, "I go hence, with joy, where Gustavus

Adolphus has gone before me." He then stretched out his right hand towards the Duke, while Heaven beamed in his eye. "Be steadfast and true to God and to your master," he cried, sank back, yet again did his breast heave, and his heroic soul had, fled.

Wallenstein gazed rigidly upon the dead, whose last words still echoed warning in his ear.

"He has finished his course," he then said, "and Germany has lost her hero! See that the corpse be brought to Prague, and fall not into the enemy's hands." He strode sternly to the door; then he turned suddenly round, yet again approached the dead, and looked firmly and earnestly upon his pallid face, as if he would once more hear his voice, and then withdrew.

Hohendorf, now forgetting everything, threw himself upon the body of his paternal friend, and covered hand and lips with kisses.

"And art thou gone, my father?" cried he,

" and I can no more follow thee in danger and in battle, or in death? Wake up, Anna!" he cried to the sleeper, whom Wallenstein's entry had not aroused, " wake up."

Anna woke not. She slept the eternal sleep. Death had fulfilled her wishes. She had gone to her rest at his feet, and found a quiet grave in Leipsic—a permanent resting-place after her troubled life, where her glowing heart might find repose.

Hohendorf accompanied Pappenheim's corpse to Prague, where the Friedlander erected a splendid monument to his comrade in arms.

With Pappenheim's death Hohendorf sheathed his sword for ever; his wounds no longer permitted him to engage in active service, and with the death of his friend, his military ardour forsook him. From his General's grave he hurried to Halberstadt, whereto, at his brother's instance, Duke Bernhard furnished him

with the necessary passes. He found Hedwig mourning for her unhappy sister. Death now had robbed her of her father, Anna, and even old Cunegunda; but life held out in Hohendorf full compensation for her losses. Nought now remained to prevent their union. Still in mourning garments, they received the priestly blessing, and retired with Clara to the Lech; before arriving there, however, Hedwig visited her sister's grave in the burial-ground of Pauline's Kirche, at Leipsic, and wept her last tear, and murmured her last prayer for the departed.

In Leipsic, Clara found her husband; soon however, he was again separated from her by the fortune of war. But he saw the castle of his fathers once more. In the fight of Nordlingen he fell, and she soon followed him to the grave.

Hedwig and Hohendorf lived a peaceful, though somewhat anxious life, mid the storms of the times. But when peace again blessed the fields of Germany, they still lived, and it shed its blessings upon them. Lovely children

surrounded them; the blessing of the Lord was with these pious souls, who, though differing in outward profession, yet together worshipped God in truth and purity.

THE END.

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